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**Private Eye: Britain's  
Satirical Muckraker**

**The Compleat Guide for  
The Would-be Journalist**

**Also: Super Bowl;  
Capote; Liebling III**



## **The Truth Went Thataway**

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

From the beginning the movies have been, among many other things, a journalistic medium. Newsreels, of course, preceded fiction to the screen, but in the formative period between 1908 and 1914 when D.W. Griffith was developing the basic narrative genres at Biograph, he was constantly doing little one-reel pictures that addressed themselves to the issues of the day—urban and rural poverty, for example, were frequently present in his work, and not just as background material, either. There were also populist exposes of the way the power elite squeezed the poor (the most famous being *A Corner in Wheat*, which remains for me one of Griffith's distinguished works despite its brevity), stories revolving around the temperance question (very lively at the time), even pieces about the so-called anarchist threat. Slightly later, one of the first great feature-length hits (it helped establish Universal Pictures) was *Traffic in Souls*, which at least pretended to take the problem of White Slavery seriously, its enormous popularity inspiring more imitators than most film historians care to count.

Thereafter, as times changed, movie makers took up, as quickly as they could, all kinds of headline issues as they developed—the question of

**Movies as journalism  
have a long history,  
but seldom has reality  
seemed quite so  
dubious as in such  
recent 'documentaries'  
as *Serpico*, *Z*, *State of  
Siege* and *Executive  
Action*.**

American preparedness after World War I began, the morals of the younger generation (not excluding the drug problem) during the 1920s, the rise of organized crime, the really quite serious matter of lynch law, the human effects of economic collapse during the 1930s. Prior to our entrance into World War II there was a respectable number of films about the Nazi menace which at least inferentially attacked isolationism. After the war, of course, there were movies about reconversion, about racial and religious prejudice and so on. In the 'sixties, one hardly needs to be reminded, there were all those movies about the generation gap—mostly catering to the prejudices of those on the sunny side of it, but occasionally giving the rest of us something to think about anyway.

Indeed, over the long run of movie history it is hard to think of any public issue that did not inspire—if that's the word we want—some kind of cinematic response and a lot of these pictures turned out to be really quite good. Think of such high points in the gangster cycle as *Scarface*, *Public Enemy*, *The Roaring Twenties* or such excursions into depression decade sociology as *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Wild Boys of the Road*, *American Madness*. Writers who worked at Warner Brothers, the most issue-oriented of the studios in the old days, recall receiving newspaper clippings about some problem—or perhaps only some instructive incident related to some larger tendency of the time—along with a producer's order to whack out a treatment based on this flimsy evidence. Fast.

Of course these films succeeded—when they did—as films. For one thing, they weren't crazy out there (it only looked that way sometimes). No one saw any box office potential in a stirring drama about the national debt. The journalistic subjects the movies went after were ones that implicitly carried with them the threat of violence or the promise of sex or—yummy-yummy—both. And though there was a well-worn convention of having a narrator with a set of ominous pipes intone a few facts and figures to introduce and thus legitimize the melodrama we impatiently awaited, I don't think anyone ever understood the majority of these films to be historical documents in any acceptable sense. Those voice-overs and those introductory

(continued on page 16)

*Richard Schickel is a movie critic for Time and author of the recently published His Picture in the Paper: A Speculation on Celebrity in America based on the Life of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (Charterhouse).*

# (MORE)

# COLUMN TWO

# LETTERS

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## 'You've Gone Too Far'

BY RICHARD POLLAK

President Nixon's last-ditch bravura performance before the Associated Press Managing Editors Association at Disney World last Nov. 17 inevitably eclipsed some rather testy remarks made earlier the same day by Wes Gallagher, general manager of the AP. The real threat to journalism these days, he warned his assembled colleagues, was not governmental attack but the "senseless, nit-picking, semantic disputes among ourselves."

The true danger "is criticism from reporters and editors, which seems more founded on their beliefs than on professional criteria. . . Then, there are the so-called journalism reviews and self-appointed accuracy in media committees. They have one thing in common. While pleading objectivity, they practice partisanship, one group from the activist school of thought, the other from the right wings of journalism." Curiously, for a man positively obsessed with the notion of "objectivity" and even-handed reporting, Gallagher offered no evidence to support his charges or his conclusion that "these quarrelsome struggles within journalism fuel the critics from the outside." Nevertheless, like most of Chairman Wes' major pronouncements, this one was recorded by a hapless AP minion and dispatched to a waiting nation over the A-wire. The eclipse was not total.

I resurrect all this now because, in the face of Gallagher's stiff-necked opposition, a small band of AP editors and reporters in New York recently failed utterly to win even the most innocuous say in how their news service operates. Their effort dates back to the fall of 1972, when about a dozen members of the Wire Service Guild at the AP formed a Professionalism Committee. Its main goal was to get the 2,200 people in the WSG jurisdiction at both AP and United Press International to begin thinking about the quality of their work as well as bread and butter—and to place some "voice in the product" proposals on the table when negotiations began with the AP for a new 1974-75 contract.

Last spring, George A. Krinsky, a 32-year-old AP editor and chairman of the Professionalism (continued on page 22)

## Liebling III Counter-Convention

This year's A.J. Liebling Counter-Convention will be held at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, May 10-12. Once again, all our readers are invited to [MORE]'s annual spring encounter session. Panels. Workshops. Insights. Logorrhea. A party, too. And presentation of the 1974 A.J. Liebling Award. Come renew acquaintances with old friends and enemies. . . More details—on program, hotel rooms, etc.—will follow in our March issue. Meanwhile, all ideas are welcome. So please let us hear from you.

## [Less]?

If you continue printing trivia, funny or otherwise, such as filled the December issue, I suggest a change of title from [MORE] to [LESS].

—Mae Churchill  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

## Buckley v. AFTRA

I would suggest to Messrs. de Toledano, Buckley and Evans, and other proponents of the First Amendment as a restriction on employer rights to require union membership, that such a holding would restrict the freedom of the press, rather than expand it [Furthermore—January, 1974].

To quote Brother Liebling, the First Amendment has been construed to hold that "freedom of the press belongs to those who own one." It has never been used to guarantee access of community groups, or the right of an employee to write or speak as he pleases, no matter what the employer wishes.

If the court rules that a network requirement of AFTRA membership is a violation of the First Amendment, it could logically rule that any network requirement was such a violation, and that Buckley and Evans could gain access to a television audience merely by asking for the time.

It is not expected to do so, however, and the only counterbalance to employer power of any weight is a union contract, enforceable through arbitration and if necessary the courts, to assure fair play to all employees.

Union discipline is at least democratically decided upon. This cannot be said for the much stronger disciplinary power which an employer has at his disposal.

—George B. Dawson  
Jamesburg, N.J.

## See Dictionary

I recently received the first issue of my subscription [December, 1973] and was appalled to find (on page 13) reference to persons attending a function as "attendees." What on earth is the source of that usage? What would an attendee be?

Your spiritual ancestor, A.J. Liebling, once wrote that the misuse of words could have consequences at least as serious as the misappropriation of funds, and should be comparably punished. I assume that you know what to do with that particular shoe if it fits.

—Stephen B. Lemann  
New Orleans, La.

*Ethel Strainchamps*, [MORE]'s resident usage maven, replies: When writers like A.J. Liebling talk about the misuse of words, they are not referring to the preservation of ancient grammatical or word-forming conventions. Liebling used the popular language of his day, probably including *attendee*. The -ee in English originally referred to one who has been done to, not one who has done, or is doing. But Americans came up with *conferee* while this country was being formed, and with *absentee* during the Civil War. *Standee* appeared in print in the 1850's and *contestee* a few years later. We also have *defectee*, *divorcee*, *returnee*, *respondee* and *amputee*, who may either have done, or been done to, or both. *Attendee* is in Webster's, both the unabridged and the collegiate, and should be (but (continued on page 20)

# [HELLBOX]

## Continuing Sagas

Melvin Belli's planted, puffed-up appraisal of *The Best Judges Money Can Buy* in *The New York Times Book Review* (Hellbox—January, 1974) has already begun to register the impact of a *Times* endorsement. A full-page advertisement in the Jan. 7 *Time* magazine quotes from the *TBR* review, enthusiastically describing the book by Charles Ashman as "well-documented," "perceptive," and "compelling." The *Time* ad had been scheduled for some time, but when the Nov. 18 *Times* review appeared the ad copy was rewritten to include the Belli prose.

Last fall Pete Hamill and Jack Newfield resigned as contributing editors of *New Times* over their failure to win full disclosure of the magazine's financial backing ("Just Like Old Times"—November, 1973). But included in the Dec. 28 *New Times* was Hamill's name on the masthead, as well as his four-page article entitled, "A Starless Night at the Grand Hotel." With the disclosure issue still outstanding, why the turnabout? Unfortunately, the answer is not forthcoming from Hamill, who failed to return five telephone messages left with his answering service. But since he recently took an extended leave of absence from the *New York Post*, showcase for his thrice-weekly column, both Newfield and Hamill's lawyer Mario Cuomo speculate that Hamill made peace with *New Times* because "maybe he needs the money."

The extravagant unloading of cosmetic and apparel freebies on fashion reporters has long been ignored by this largely uncritical branch of journalism ("Seventh Avenue Spree"—August, 1973). An encouraging incentive for improving editorial standards is the recent awarding of the 1973 J.C. Penney prize for fashion reporting to Carol Sutton, *Today's Living* editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, for her 1972 article on the \$250 worth of free gifts she collected at New York and Montreal fashion press events. As for her own newspaper's fashion coverage, Sutton sends her reporters to shows scheduled for buyers rather than the press. And *Courier-Journal* policy expressly forbids their accepting any gifts.

Ancorp National Services Inc., a major newsstand operator which exacted special kick-backs from the three New York City newspapers ("Extra, Extra! Read All About It"—June, 1973), was recently slapped with a \$204,000 fine for carrying on the illegal practice. A Justice Department suit charged that Ancorp demanded the so-called "poster allowances" while competing newsstand owners were not requiring any such promotional fees. Before 1969, Ancorp was said to have collected \$2,500 a month from *The New York Times*, \$500 a week from the *Daily News*, and a token \$50 from the *New York Post*.

## Come Blow Your Horn

Mass murder being a subject that fascinates Truman Capote, he signed on with *The* (continued on page 4)



Philadelphia Inquirer oil muckrakers James B. Steele and Donald L. Bartlett.

**R**OSEBUDS to Donald L. Bartlett and James B. Steele of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* for their remarkable coverage of the energy story. Only in recent weeks has it dawned on most of the national media that the "crisis" proclaimed by the government and the oil companies might not be the inevitable calamity it was made to appear. But beginning with a series last July, entitled "Oil: the Created Crisis," these two investigative reporters have raised and answered most of the questions just beginning to occur to the rest of the press. Among their findings:

- While the biggest American oil firms were forecasting shortages in this country, they were using their domestic tax advantages to help build up and supply oil markets abroad. In effect, the American taxpayer was subsidizing the production of vast quantities of oil to be sold everywhere but in the U.S.

- Such "oil crises" have occurred at least four other times in this century. The companies have proclaimed shortages, consumers have found products scarce and government has warned that oil reserves would soon be exhausted. Each time, though, the "crisis" has quickly passed and oil reserves have actually increased—once a price increase has been obtained.

- By last Christmas, despite talk of heating fuel shortages, this country had one of the biggest stockpiles of distillate fuels in its history. There was enough to get the country almost through February even if both production and conservation stopped. (See James Ridgeway, page 21.)

- Last year, foreign oil poured into this country at levels high enough to meet current demand without any conservation whatever.

- Despite the Arab embargo, tanker sailings from Middle East oil ports actually increased in the final months of last year over the months just before the embargo (this discovery was the result of Steele's examination of hundreds of shipping documents at Lloyd's of London.)

*Inquirer* editor Gene Roberts says he decided to turn Bartlett and Steele loose on the oil story during a conversation with them

in his office last April. "They said that one of the things that they wanted to get into was the energy question. I didn't know if it would work out, but when I came here [from *The New York Times*] I felt that the paper ought to make a commitment to substantive journalism, so if they only come up with two stories a year, that will be alright." Bartlett, 37, and Steele, 30, have already won three prizes for a series in 1971 on misconduct by the Federal Housing Administration in Philadelphia. They followed that with a study of justice in Philadelphia's courts in which they used a computer to help analyze the disposition of cases.

Bartlett said the direction of the oil investigation was determined when they discovered the startling dissimilarity in the foreign and domestic advertising of one of the oil giants, Amoco. While the company was warning of shortages here it was boasting in advertisements in Britain that it could supply its customers with all they needed. The trail led the reporters through exhaustive study of corporate annual reports, Securities and Exchange Commission documents and Congressional hearing records. The pattern which they had suspected from the contrasting ads emerged clearly. The five American oil giants, which dominate the world oil market, have been pumping their capital abroad and slackening their productive efforts in the U.S.

Although the *Inquirer's* coverage has been slow to penetrate the national media, some other newspapers, including the *Miami Herald*, *The Boston Globe* and the *Chicago Tribune*, have recognized its worth and reprinted many of the stories. When Ralph Nader sharply criticized one of President Nixon's energy messages a few months ago, John Knight, head of the newspaper chain that owns the *Inquirer*, attacked Nader in a weekly column. Someone then called Knight's attention to the fact that everything Nader was saying had been documented by Knight's own newspaper. The next week Knight apologized in his column and declared that he had changed his mind about the energy crisis.

# [HELLBOX]

(continued from page 3)

*Washington Post* to cover the Houston murder trial of Elmer Hickey, Jr. Several weeks before the trial began, the *Post* splashed an interview with Capote across the front of its Jan. 7 Style section, announcing in the second paragraph that he would serve as their Houston correspondent. The story also went out over *The Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* wire service.

Capote had come to town to discuss his upcoming assignment—"Truman Capote's Houston Diary"—and was staying at the Madison Hotel as a guest of his longtime chum, *Post* publisher Katharine Graham. "I was hustled over there by Style editor Tom Kendrick to interview him," says *Post* reporter Michael Kernan. Kendrick says he was aware the resulting story might appear to be self-serving, but since much of the national media had already reported the Capote-*Post* arrangement, he was anxious to get the information on the record in the *Post*. Also, says Kendrick, Style had never done an interview with Capote and was interested in his examination of violence and societal values.

The story's subsequent appearance on the wire generated inquiries from several foreign publishing representatives in New York. "It helped in that sense," says William B. Dickinson, Jr., editorial director and general manager of the Washington Post Writers Group, which is syndicating the series. Sales have been made to 34 U.S. newspapers—including the *Boston Globe*, *New York Post*, and *San Francisco Chronicle*—at prices ranging from \$300 to \$3,000, depending on circulation. Also about 15 foreign newspapers and magazines have subscribed at fees of up to \$7,000, and it is through these foreign sales that the *Post* hopes to turn a profit. The extra revenue is needed to cover Capote's sizable—and top secret—financial guarantee, which Dickinson says is significantly greater than any salary ever paid to a *Post* correspondent.

Although *The New York Times* may not have Truman Capote as its Houston stringer, it recently had some other good news about itself to report. In a brief unsigned article in the Jan. 14 issue the *Times* listed *Time* magazine's choices for the nation's ten best newspapers, then devoted two of the story's five paragraphs to excerpting the newsweekly's glowing appraisal of the *Times*. None of the *Time* descriptions of the other nine newspapers were included in the article, says assistant metropolitan editor George Barrett, because they contained only "thumbnail passing praises. But they really heaped it up on the *Times*." While the *Times* did in fact score the highest marks, strong overall performance ratings were also given to *The Washington Post*, *Newsday*, *Miami Herald*, *Louisville Courier Journal*, and particularly *The Wall Street Journal*. (The others cited were the *Boston Globe*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, and *Milwaukee Journal*.) "If we'd wanted to blow our own horn, we'd have printed the whole *Times* passage," Barrett explained.

—CLAUDIA COHEN

## Can A Star Rise From Down Under?

As this is written, no one at the new Manhattan offices of Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch's *National Star* will talk much about the first issue due out Feb. 5. "You know as much about it as I do, mate," says news editor Steve Dunleavy. "It's going to be a bright, racy weekly."

Beyond that, we have the *Star*'s glossy promotion literature for guidance. It promises that the newspaper, whose initial press run will

be 1.5 million, will share the virtues of George Washington, Bing Crosby, Walt Disney, Mark Twain, Winston Churchill, Mae West, Errol Flynn, Joe Namath, Willie Mays and Secretariat.

The *Star* will be "politically aware, politically concerned," but not so politically concerned that it will worry about trivia like the feminist movement: "women are the most beautiful creatures on earth, we love their warmth, their wit, their wisdom...we don't believe in equality of the sexes, because to us women are extra special."

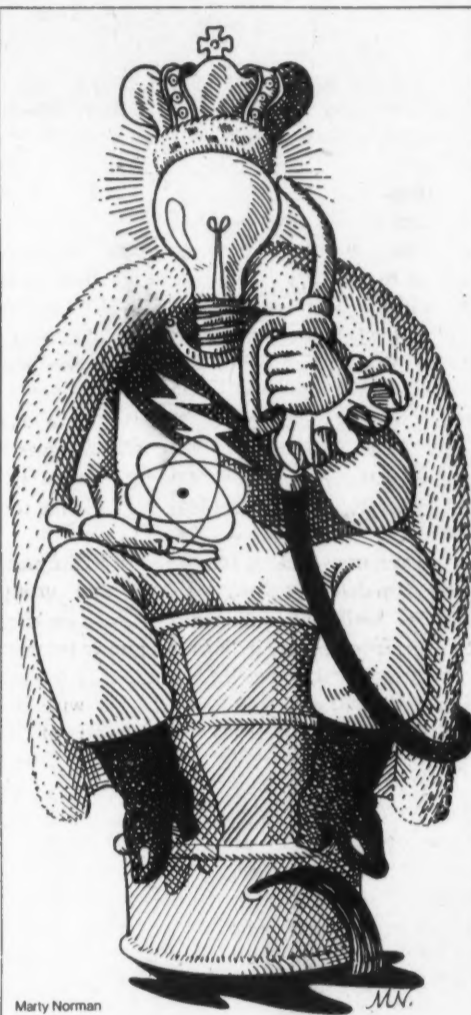
Women, in fact, have been an essential part of the success of the *Star*'s "sister publications": *The News of the World* and *The Sun* in London, *The Daily* and *Sunday Mirror* in Sydney, and *Truth* in Melbourne.

Murdoch's popular newspapers have centered a good deal of their appeal on big names and big tits: when a *News of the World* photographer secreted himself in a closet to photograph Lord Lambton with a couple of prostitutes, he was filling the role of the quintessential Murdoch newsperson.

An accident of birth placed Murdoch in the newspaper business: his father, Sir Keith Murdoch, was the founder of *The Herald* and *Weekly Times*, Australia's biggest newspaper group. The 42-year-old Rupert took control of *The Adelaide News* at 23. *The News*, a hard-working afternoon tabloid, is a wretchedly unlikely springboard for an international press bushranger, but Murdoch's printing plants have been the shops that Midas touched. *The News* boomed. So he bought the *Sydney Mirror*, and it boomed. Then came the *News of the World* in London (circulation: 16 million) and the ailing *Sun*, which two years after he bought it rose from 850,000 to two million in circulation.

Whether Fleet Street titillation can cross the Atlantic successfully is questionable. But Rupert Murdoch is betting \$5 million on advertising alone that it can.

—ROBERT PULLAN



Marty Norman

## Energy Czar

In keeping with our policy of trying to help the press instead of always carping about it, following are some alternatives to the word *czar* for reporters, editors, headline writers and anchormen stuck for what to call William E. Simon, administrator of the new Federal Energy Office: *bwana*, *duce*, *kingfish*, *liege*, *shogun*, *shah*, *dey*, *werowance*, *cacique*, *kaid*, *nawab*, *emir*, *voivode*, *beglerbeg* (also *beylerbey*) and, of course, *woon*. If these will not suffice, we refer all hands to *Roget's International Thesaurus, Third Edition*, where dozens more possibilities await in section 747—among them *His Superfluous Excellency*, which fortunately is labeled "jocose, U.S." so there can be no confusion.

—R.P.

## Boys and Girls Together?

On Dec. 8, the Gridiron Club, the exclusive Washington journalistic clique whose annual spring dinner for prominent public figures is something of a local institution, again voted down a resolution to admit women to its membership. But this year, on April 6, while the Gridironers and their guests dine in black tie at the Statler Hilton, the loyal opposition will gather at the Mt. Vernon College gymnasium for a counter-gala. The organizers, Journalists for Professional Equality, hope to generate enough publicity to make attendance at the Gridiron's so-called sexist affair politically unwise for elected officials. At any rate, there may be no need for future concurrent partying. The resolution to admit women drew a majority of 28 to 16, but failed to win the necessary two-thirds, or 34 votes, needed to amend the club's 1886 constitution. Still, as club president Walter Ridder, himself a proponent of female admissions, notes, the vote gets closer every year. Welcome to 1974, gentlemen.

# The Politics of Revenge

BY NANCY BETH JACKSON

Like most television in other states, most television in Florida is the usual mixture of network feeds augmented (if that is the word) by feckless local public affairs shows and news programs ripped and read from the ticker. Two exceptions, however, are WPLG-TV in Miami and WJXT-TV in Jacksonville. In recent years, both stations have aggressively (for television) covered their communities and often have opposed Florida's hard-eyed business interests. WJXT-TV looks so good compared to the two local dailies that the station is sometimes known as "the newspaper of Jacksonville." And last July, no less than the tough-minded Nicholas Johnson, then still an FCC commissioner, named Miami's WPLG-TV the best station in the nation in news and public affairs programming.

Both stations are owned by The Washington Post Co., which explains their strength and, at least for the moment, their vulnerability. For the licenses of the two outlets are now being challenged by four separate groups, one in Miami and three in Jacksonville. And the cast of characters in this ongoing drama leaves little doubt that at least three of the challenges have the enthusiastic support of a President out to get the newspaper that may have mortally wounded him.

In Miami, the WPLG-TV (Channel 10) challenge is headed by Cromwell Anderson, a law partner of former Florida Sen. George Smathers, a close friend of the President since they served together as freshmen representatives and who likes to take credit for introducing Nixon to C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo. In 1970, not long after Spiro Agnew attacked The Washington Post Co. for its ownership of radio and television stations, Anderson was part of a group headed by W. Sloan McCrea, a Rebozo business partner, challenging WPLG's license. That challenge was withdrawn seven and a half months later after Post-Newsweek Stations agreed to pay the challengers \$67,000 in legal fees under a FCC provision which no longer is in effect.

The political connections of the principals were all too obvious. McCrea and Hoke Maroon, treasurer of the challenger, Greater Miami Telecasters, Inc., were two of the principal owners of Miami's Fisher Island. Rebozo also held a financial interest in the island, as had Nixon, who sold his \$400,000 worth of stock before seeking election in 1968.

Other officers and directors included Frank Smathers, George's banker brother; Paul L.E. Helliwell, a banker and lawyer who had been the first Florida delegate pledged to Eisenhower in the 1952 convention; former ambassador William B. Pawley, a close friend of the President and former finance chairman for Goldwater; and Frank E. Mackle, Jr., Florida's largest land developer, owner of a Key Biscayne resort where the Nixons often stayed, and father of Barbara, the Emory University coed who was kidnapped and buried alive. After she survived, the President personally encouraged her to write a book about it.

The Smathers brothers, George and Frank, had been executors of the L. R. Wilson estate from which the Post-Newsweek Stations purchased WPLG in 1969 for \$20 million. George Smathers held no stock in Greater Miami Telecasters "at this

*Nancy Beth Jackson, a former reporter for The Miami Herald, lives in Boca Raton and frequently writes about Florida.*

## Four separate groups are now trying to take away the licenses of The Washington Post's two Florida TV stations. Odd how many of the challengers can be linked to President Nixon.

time," Gerald Rourke said in January, 1970. Rourke, who now represents the current Miami challenging group, is with Welch and Morgan, the Washington law firm specializing in communications law and where John W. Dean 3rd worked briefly in 1965-66.

When the 1970 challenge was dropped, Anderson maintained the withdrawal had been based primarily on a Jan. 15, 1970, FCC ruling that the holder of a broadcast license would receive preference in competing applications if it showed it "substantially" met the needs of the area. However, the decision to withdraw was not announced until the following August, which suggests that perhaps the real reason for the withdrawal was that the political ties of the group had become too apparent.

In the first week of January, 1973, Tropical Florida Broadcasting Inc., a 10-member group headed by Anderson, announced it was seeking WPLG's license because it "is in the public interest that there be local ownership." Anderson denied that George Smathers had anything to do with the challenge, but conceded he was aware of it. Anderson, dismissing the idea of political motivations, said his group simply "wanted to run a television station in Miami." However, only one of the 10, Barbara (Mrs. Lambert W.) Jacobs, a housewife, had any previous broadcasting experience. As a teen-ager she had worked part-time for a Daytona Beach radio station.

Others in the group include: R. Leslie Cizek, Jr., a Coral Gables insurance broker; Edward N. Claughton, Jr., whose Coral Gables home Agnew borrowed during the last GOP convention; Sanford K. Bronstein, president and chief executive officer of Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and businessman; Michael Weintraub, bank holding company president and a Smathers law partner; Francisco de la Fuente, a Cuban-born real estate and stock investor; Leonard F. Hinds, president of two Miami firms manufacturing concrete blocks and cement; Ruth E. Samartino, a Miami housewife whose husband G. Thomas is an orthopedic surgeon; and Dr. Raymond Walker, Jr., a black orthopedic surgeon.

This group claims to represent the community, yet all except Walker live south of Coral Way (24th Street), eight of the ten south of 50th Street, with a heavy concentration in the affluent enclaves of Coral Gables, Coconut Grove and Snapper Creek. Four (Anderson, Hines, Claughton and Cizek) belong to the University Club, a local organization formed by Claughton which does not allow black or Jewish members.

The Miami case is made more intriguing by the reported involvement of Rebozo, who initiated

a \$10 million libel suit against the *Post* in November. The *Miami Herald* tried to check out allegations that Rebozo had sought to get a Cuban-born Florida developer, Felix Granados of Fort Lauderdale, to invest in the TV license challenge. Despite much digging, the charge remains unconfirmed, the challengers and Granados denying any connection. All Granados, listed on the challenging application as a South Floridian who agrees the license should be reassigned, would admit was that he had made a political contribution to Nixon through Rebozo in 1968.

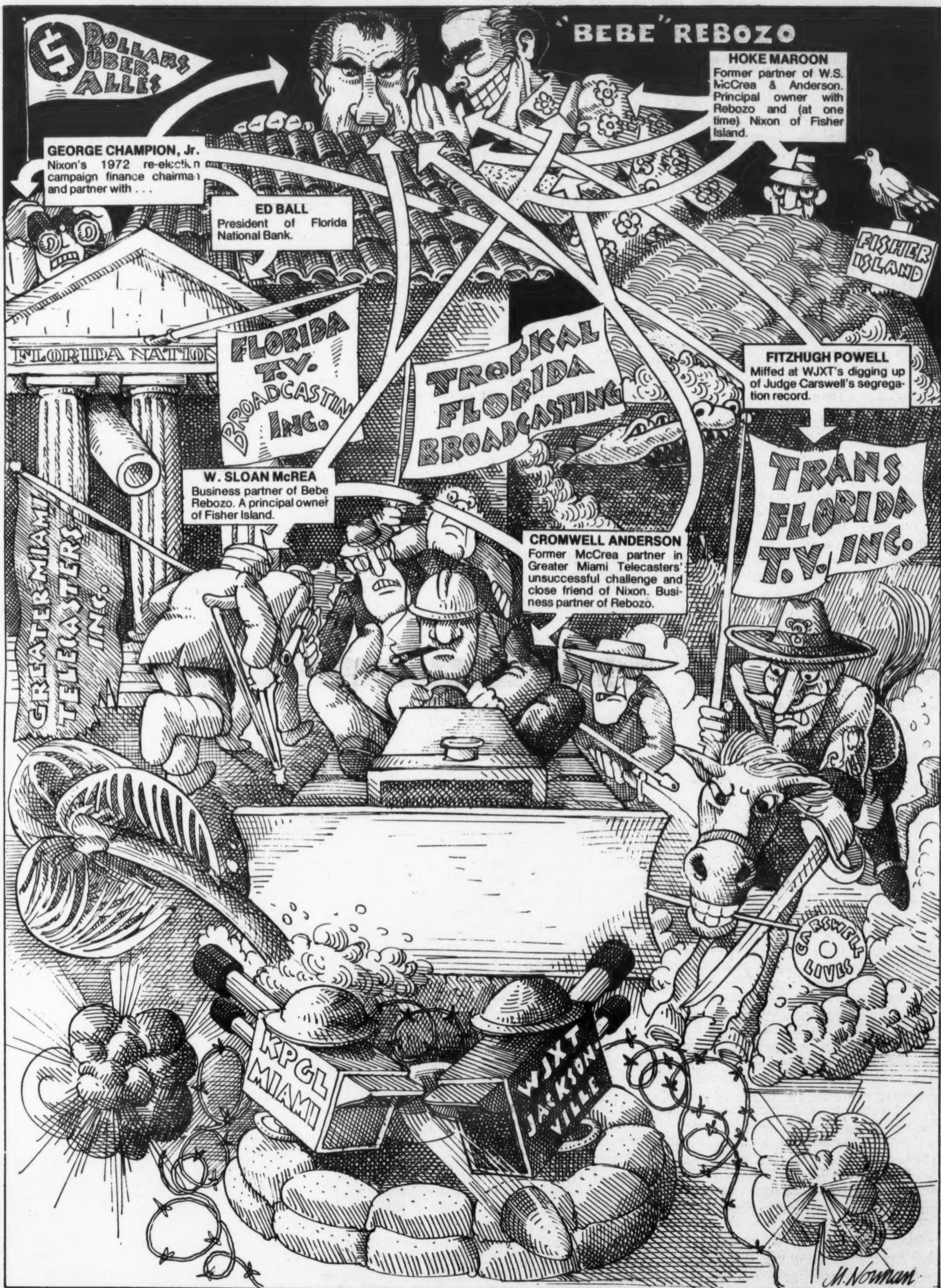
In an exclusive interview with the *Herald* in November, Rebozo discussed the controversial \$100,000 donation for the 1972 campaign which Richard Danner, a Howard Hughes employee and former Miami city manager, delivered for Hughes. Asked to tell the story of that \$100,000 "from start to finish," Rebozo replied: "Sure. In the beginning Danner had called me and wanted me to come to Washington or New York—I'm not sure which city. They wanted to contribute \$50,000. Danner was not with Hughes at the time. This was during the 1968 campaign. He introduced me to an attorney there in Washington who wanted to give the money directly to the President and I told him there was no chance of that." Asked who the attorney was, he said: "The attorney was Ed Morgan. Now this isn't to be confused with the Ed Morgan who later was an advance man. This is Morgan from the law firm of Welch and Morgan."

No one present during the *Herald* interview noticed that it is Ed Morgan's firm that represents not only the current Miami challenge to Post-Newsweek but one of the Jacksonville challengers as well. And no one asked why Morgan was involved. Asked about his role, Morgan today says only, "I don't care to discuss it. It is a matter of official inquiry." But he does insist that no contribution was made in 1968 and that there was "absolutely no relationship between [the discussed 1968 contribution] and the [1972] Rebozo contribution," and no connection between the two license challenges his firm represents.

Curiously, Danner and Welch and Morgan began another relationship about the time of the 1968 unmade donation. Danner is, among other things, executive vice president of Central Nine Corporation, one of five Orlando groups trying to gain control of WFTV-TV (Channel 9) in that city; Welch and Morgan represent Central Nine in that attempt. Since 1969, the five Orlando groups have been running the station jointly on an interim basis because in Orlando, unlike in Miami and Jacksonville, the former license was clouded by previous scandal. Should Central Nine be successful, the decision still being in the courts, Danner is designated on the application to be station manager.

Danner, once a Washington attorney who had been retained by General Motors to hire former FBI man Vincent Gillen to investigate Ralph Nader, never has been far from the headlines. A close friend of Smathers, for whom he was campaign manager several times (once immediately before he became Miami city manager), he has been with the FBI, a car dealer in Florida and Texas, and a Democrat for Nixon in 1968. Nixon visited Danner in Vero Beach, Fla., in 1950, which is when, by Danner's account, Nixon met Rebozo.

Though it hardly seems possible, the



# "BEBE" REBOZO

**DOLLARS**  
**UBER**  
**ALLES**

**GEORGE CHAMPION, Jr.**  
Nixon's 1972 re-election  
campaign finance chairman  
and partner with...

**ED BALL**  
President of Florida  
National Bank.

**HOKE MAROON**  
Former partner of W.S.  
McCREA & Anderson.  
Principal owner with  
Rebozo and (at one  
time) Nixon of Fisher  
Island.

**FITZHUGH POWELL**  
Miffed at WJXT's digging up  
of Judge Carswell's segrega-  
tion record.

**W. SLOAN McCREA**  
Business partner of Bebe  
Rebozo. A principal owner  
of Fisher Island.

**CROMWELL ANDERSON**  
Former McCREA partner in  
Greater Miami Telecasters'  
unsuccessful challenge and  
close friend of Nixon. Busi-  
ness partner of Rebozo.

**GREATER MIAMI  
TELECASTERS  
INC.**

**FLORIDA  
T.V.  
BROADCASTING  
INC.**

**TROPICAL  
FLORIDA  
BROADCASTING**

**TRANS  
FLORIDA  
T.V. INC.**

**FISHER  
ISLAND**

**KPGL  
MIAMI**

**WJXT  
JACKSONVILLE**

**CARSWELL  
LIVES**

M. Norman

Jacksonville challengers are even more incestuous. The three groups are: Trans Florida Television Inc., headed by Fitzhugh Powell, who handled George Wallace's 1972 Florida campaign; Florida Television Broadcasting Co., whose president is George Champion, Jr., finance chairman of Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign in Florida, and whose chairman of the board is Ed Ball, who sent George Smathers to the U.S. Senate; and St. Johns Broadcasting Co., a hastily thrown together group which includes a number of Jacksonville bluebloods more directly connected to local politics than national.

As the Jacksonville challenges have been reconstructed by former State Senator Jack Mathews, who represents Post-Newsweek's WJXT-TV (Channel 4) locally in the challenge, the Powell group began planning some sort of protest in the summer of 1972, starting first as loose conversation about not liking the liberal editorial attitude of the station. By the end of the year, the dissatisfaction jelled into a plan to protest the renewal of the license and finally to try to get the license for the group itself.

Apparently, Ed Ball, who has controlled the Alfred I. duPont estate in Florida since 1935, building its worth up to \$2 billion in real estate, insurance, banking, railroads and lumber, and his own worth from \$750,000 to \$20 million, got into the act when the Powell group approached his Florida National Bank for a financial guarantee for funds to run the station should the challenge be successful. Ball, who had his own complaints about WJXT, liked the idea so much he ended up at a meeting of investors on Dec. 26, 1972, where the chief speaker was Glenn W. Sedam, Jr., former general counsel to Nixon's reelection committee and then an official of the inaugural committee.

Sedam has since claimed his interest was not political but legal. He said Powell, who had flown to Washington the week before the Dec. 26 meeting in Jacksonville, had called on him in a routine search for a lawyer after a mutual friend in Daytona Beach recommended him. Because Sedam was too busy with Nixon duties, he referred Powell to a broadcast law specialist in his firm of Steptoe and John. Yet it was Sedam who accompanied that specialist, Herbert E. Forrest, to Jacksonville.

Reportedly, a surprise guest at the Jacksonville meeting was Champion, who had come not because of Sedam but because of Ball. Also on hand was Raymond K. Mason, president of the Charter Corporation, which deals in real estate developments. Mason is considered to be Ball's heir apparent. Just what went on at that meeting is mostly speculation, but it is thought Ball balked at participating with anything less than 51 per cent of the corporation and at the law firm's fee. In any event, Ball, Champion and Mason left the group and mounted their own challenge.

**W**ith only days until the FCC deadline (Jan. 1, 1973), the Champion-Ball group, money being no problem, quickly completed an application. "We took a survey and the reaction in the community was most favorable. There was enormous support," Champion announced in the *Jacksonville Times-Union* on Jan. 3. Champion may be the son of the former chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank and a good friend of the President, but it is Ed Ball who is the power behind the challenge and in north Florida generally. His motivations often have been political, but basically Ball is interested in profit. A television station even at the legal cost of a half million dollars would be a bargain as well as a useful addition to his empire. While Powell's group frets over WJXT's investigative reporting that dug up Harrold Car-

## Meanwhile, at the Justice Department . . .

In a kind of dry run for the Administration's next move against *The Washington Post*, the Justice Department has petitioned the FCC to deny license renewals to three publishers who hold local broadcast properties, on grounds of "domination of local news and opinion." The publishers are the Newhouse chain, which owns the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and KTVI-TV; Pulitzer Publishing Company, owner of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, KSD-TV, and KSD-AM; and Cowles Communications, which has some cross ownership with the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* and owns KRNT-AM, -FM, and -TV. The proposed doctrine, if upheld, could force the *Post* to give up its highly profitable CBS affiliates in the capital, WTOP-AM and WTOP-TV. (WTOP-FM was donated to Howard University in 1971.) The challenge is the latest in the Nixon Administration's series of carrot and stick actions against the media. It might be characterized as trying out the act on the road before opening in the big town.

The doctrine hits publishers where they live, since profitable broadcast properties often subsidize less profitable newspapers. The Justice Department has observed, deadpan, that only some publishers may find their broadcast licenses are in jeopardy, depending on the degree of concentrated media ownership in the community. Since anti-trust policy is almost totally discretionary, as the ITT episode nicely illustrates, the message to publishers should be clear: shape up, or you may be one of those in violation of the doctrine.

The recent Justice move scrambles the usual ideological polarities, since the

Administration took a notion dear to the critics and turned it into a potential club against independent publishers, much as it slyly used "localism" as a device to break the back of public broadcasting. Normally, attacks on concentrated ownership are reserved for the likes of Nicholas Johnson, the Network Project, and other quixotic public-interest types. In this case, however, Johnson strongly opposes the move, viewing it as one more thinly veiled attempt to intimidate publishers and broadcasters.

Curiously, Clay Whitehead, chief of the Office of Telecommunications Policy and master of the carrot and stick gambit, apparently was not involved in this latest move. Whitehead, before Watergate, was the principal orchestrator of companion Administration proposals to offer broadcasters longer-term, more secure licensing (the carrot) and at the same time to more tightly regulate network programming (the stick). Whitehead, who has not been heard from lately, will soon tender his resignation. His press aide, Brian Lamb, hints that Whitehead opposed the FCC petition, or possibly was not consulted. Lamb says that if the bill Whitehead drafted last year, making broadcast licenses less vulnerable to challenge, had become law, the petition action probably would have been moot.

The Justice Department petitions against Cowles, Newhouse, and Pulitzer are now pending before the FCC; and the Department says no further action is contemplated until these initial test cases are adjudicated. And then?

—BOB KUTTNER

swell's 1948 speech on segregation which helped lose him a seat on the Supreme Court as a Nixon nominee in 1970, Ball's complaints are more personal. As far as Ball is concerned, the uppity Jacksonville television station pokes its nose into his business while other media in the area have learned who's boss. Specifically, Ball is miffed with the station because of a documentary done on his life (with his permission), editorials pressing Ball about his fence across the Wakulla River near Tallahassee where he maintains an estate, and a series on dangerous railroad crossings which led to a state law requiring signals that cost Ed Ball's Florida East Coast Railway what he likes best—money. As a *Gainesville Sun* editorial put it: "All of this was enough to interest Ed Ball in television... Without WJXT and a couple of diehard conservationists, most people wouldn't notice if Ed Ball re-routed the Wakulla River into the kitchen of his Tallahassee plantation."

Not so parenthetically, the *Gainesville Sun* is the only paper in the state to truly crusade against the challenges to the Post-Newsweek Stations. As for the two local Jacksonville papers—the *Times-Union* and the *Journal*—they have played the story safe from the start, with nary an editorial on the subject. Both papers are owned by the Florida Publishing Company, which last fall added three more North Florida coastal papers to its string. Robert Feagin, FPC president, announced in October that the three additions would emphasize reporting of information without "innuendoes that are not in the best interest of the community." John Clegg, former owner of the *Flagler Tribune*, one of the three, felt FPC "will help build a better community rather than tear it down as some out-of-state papers coming into this

area have tried to do."

Doubtless that pleases Ed Ball, who thinks the media should mind their own business, not his. But his business is unfailingly interesting, unfortunately. It was Ball, for example, who pushed Smathers for the Senate when he decided Claude Pepper (now a U.S. representative) was too far to the left. Smathers didn't forget (and neither did Pepper, who in January of last year attacked the FCC as Nixon's political tool in the Florida television challenges). Smathers, whose law firm represents the Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co., which owns 80 per cent of the FPC and thus controls Jacksonville's two dailies and, according to the *Miami Herald*, is linked to Ball, spoke out for an amendment to the Internal Revenue Code in 1962 which saved millions for the duPonts. Since not seeking reelection, he has become a railroad lobbyist. Ball along with Mason and ex-Governor Farris Bryant founded the National Life Insurance Company in 1964. Bryant has been national vice chairman of Democrats for Nixon and is vice chairman of WTLV-TV in Jacksonville.

In short, even at 85, Ball is master of interlocking directorships, and the grand manipulator. At any political or financial level, he has his contacts, including Melvin R. Laird, who denied in January, 1973, that there was anything out of the ordinary about his aides attempting to obtain information for Ball from the Securities and Exchange Commission regarding an investigation of Florida East Coast Railway stock.

The third Jacksonville group is perhaps the most interesting to local citizens, as well as being the group represented by Welch and Morgan. Known as the Port Authority group because several

of the suspected backers served the Port Authority in Jacksonville, it apparently was thrown together even more quickly than Ball's group and barely squeezed under the deadline. Like the others, this group calls for local ownership, but what really appears at stake is dissatisfaction with WJXT's persistence in demanding the Port Authority abide by Florida's Government-in-the-Sunshine law. Principals in this group have increased and changed since the petition was filed, at one time even including former U.S. Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, who has served on the board of trustees at Bowdoin College with William Mills, who is thought to be one of the three men behind the official challenge (though his name did not appear on the most recent list of group members).

On the initial application, three principals were listed: Edward (Ted) L. Baker, a Jacksonville banker and real estate man; Winthrop Bancroft, an investment banker; and George D. Auchter 3rd, a contractor and local young man about town. But

those who know the powers in Jacksonville recognize the three as fronts for three Port Authority members: Thomas Baker, a Democrat and father of Ted; George Auchter, a Republican and father of George 3rd (who is no longer listed on the application); and William Mills, a Republican and former close associate of Ed Ball. Having no son to appoint in his place, Mills supposedly chose his friend Bancroft. Mills and the elder Baker sit on the board of the two Jacksonville dailies.

**A**lmost a year ago, Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, told a group of reporters over breakfast in Washington that "the main value of the Sword of Damocles is that it hangs, not that it drops. Once you take a guy's license away you no longer have any leverage against him." Over a year after the four Florida challenges were filed, the

sword still hovers and no one is even predicting when the FCC (which is now short two commissioners) will get around to scheduling hearings on even one of the challenges much less all of them. Meanwhile, the legal fees mount on both sides.

In terms of The Washington Post Co., of course, one can overstate the problem. Surely a corporation that owns *The Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, four television and two radio stations, and in 1972 had revenues of almost \$218 million and an income of nearly \$22 million, can take care of itself. Moreover, with the political climate drastically different from a year ago and their costs escalating, some of the challengers are doubtless having second thoughts. But even if all four were to drop their challenges, the lesson could hardly be more clear. The Nixon Administration was well on its way to developing a powerful strategy to harass its critics through the FCC and, barring new law, nothing would stop a future Administration from doing likewise.

## England's Satirical Snooper

BY DANIEL YERGIN

Imagine Jack Anderson and Maxine Cheshire getting together with the editors of the *Social Register* and the usual gang of idiots at *Mad* magazine in order to strafe the entire British landscape with ridicule, innuendo, exposure and some number of duds. That, more or less, is *Private Eye*, the most important and influential independent publication in Britain. But that is only part of *Private Eye*. Jokes and gossip aside, it also practices, almost inadvertently, serious journalism. Indeed, for month after month, the *Eye* relentlessly pursued the Poulson Affair, the biggest corruption story in recent British history, and one just as relentlessly ignored by the rest of the press (see box, page 10). This sounds an awfully serious business for a humor magazine, but then, the meaning of satire has changed since those halcyon days when *Punch* symbolized, or perhaps embalmed, the English sense of humor.

**I**n the '50s, the British believed regeneration of the national juices through satire would come via a tranquilly facetious magazine called *Punch*. They believed it because Malcolm Muggeridge had become editor of this publication, and he said *Punch* was not hard hitting enough. He had bold plans. One week he called for a full-page cartoon showing Eisenhower, then failing in mental and physical powers, standing at a window of the White House. His arms, spread in greeting to the crowds, were being held up by two doctors. His renowned grin was held in place by two surgical clips.

This is when Muggeridge discovered that national humor was controlled by two old ladies living in the town of Leamington Spa. They too were old and failing in mental powers. But they were the leading stockholders of *Punch*. They did not like the idea of the proposed cartoon—so terribly disrespectful of an American President. They forbade it. It was then, Muggeridge recalls, that he realized that something more than *Punch* might be needed.

At about the same time, some snobbish, posh-speaking, impeccably middle-class young men

**Private Eye, an astonishing blend of wit, vulgarity, muckraking and downright snobbism, is unique in British journalism—and may be the most important magazine in the country.**

were putting out a magazine at Shrewsbury public school. (Public as in Private, Expensive, Exclusive.) It was called the *Salopian*. The same young men put out the same magazine at Oxford, variously called *Mesopotamia* and *Parson's Pleasure*. Finally, in 1961, the young men went down from Oxford and with more or less of a straight run to the grave before them, they put out the first issue of *Private Eye*. "We decided that if we could live the way we had lived at Oxford, and make a living at it, we would have found supreme bliss," says Andrew Osmond, who put up the original few hundred pounds. The British, or at least those in the upper classes, love to be thought amateurish, free of ungentlemanly get-ahead striving, and *Private Eye* looked—and indeed was—distinctly amateurish. Much more so than the sober *Punch*. There were not so many pages, and those there were seemed casually typeset and even more casually stuck together.

A dozen years later, the magazine still looks amateurish; type is still unjustified, the columns still wobble. What ads there are often look like parodies. Other things have changed, however. *Private Eye* now sells about 125,000 copies every second week. (*The New Statesman* sells about 60,000; the *Spectator*, about 20,000.) The *Eye*'s circulation is rising, despite the fact that the two main distributors will not touch it, and it is constantly at the center of controversy. Establishment members demand that it mind its own business, while those on the Left strenuously complain that it lacks a point of view. The *Eye*'s success stands out all the more in contrast to the general sickliness

that afflicts magazine journalism in Britain.

The editors modestly describe it as "a journal of jokes and information," while critics denounce it as a "political comic." Both descriptions point to a recipe that is the secret of its success. For the editors manage a very tricky mix. They start with "schoolboy humor," what proprietor Peter Cook describes as "plain old-fashioned filth." They stir in malign gossip about the upper classes, womanizing and greedy politicians, radical chics, such favored non-radical chics as David Frost, and other notable spots on the public eye. To this they add good cartoons, and top it all off with a sizable portion of muckraking. The result is a required meal for politicians, journalists, other inside dopesters and with-it professionals, as well as layabouts and would-be wits with nothing better to do.

The cover is invariably a photograph with a cartoon-style bubble. Many readers turn first to the three comic strips, one of which, for instance, details the life of an Australian in London, with a multitude of jokes made about his quaint language and unsuccessful attempts to get laid. Much of the rest of the satire and humor depends upon what has been written in the daily and Sunday newspapers.

"Richard's whole life is illuminated by newspapers," says a colleague about *Private Eye*'s editor Richard Ingrams. When the newspapers are interesting and foolish, then the *Eye* can be hysterically funny; but when the summer dog-days strike boredom into the hearts of Fleet Street's denizens, then the *Eye* has about as much sparkle as a glass of 7-Up that has been left out in the August sun. So oriented is the *Eye* to journalistic gossip and parody that some call it "the parish magazine of Fleet Street."

Over the years *Private Eye* has also accumulated a host of on-going characters, beloved by all readers: Lunchtime O'Booze, the drunken journalist; Spiggy Topes, the pretentious star of the pop singing group called the Turds; Inspector Knacker, the corrupt cop from Scotland Yard; Glenda Slog, the women's columnist; and Bert O'Reilli, the football manager. Constant though these characters be, they often undergo subtle mutations so that they bear startling resemblance to real persons, living or dead, whose names or faces may have cluttered up front pages in the preceding weeks.

*Daniel Yergin, a freelance writer and research fellow at Harvard's Center for International Affairs, lived in England for several years.*

Where does the money go?

## **We just spent three months' profits in one morning.**

Last month, at the first federal lease sale of exploratory acreage in the eastern Gulf of Mexico, Mobil spent \$271,100,000.

Can anyone relate to \$271,100,000? We can. It's \$40 million more than our profits in the third quarter of 1973—the best in Mobil's history.

What we bought was the right to look for oil. A down payment.

Actual drilling in the Gulf acreage will cost millions more, of course. And there's no assurance that we'll earn even one dollar on that investment. Our geologists think we made a good buy, but this is still wildcat acreage where no one has ever drilled before. The nearest oil well is 45 miles away.

If we're fortunate enough to find oil in commercial quantities, we expect to earn a good profit on it. In that case, we would first have to invest hundreds of millions more to produce it and bring it ashore.

High as the cost is, we must go on spending big in order to find the new reserves that will keep us in business and keep you supplied with fuel.

Because the risk is high, a large part of the money we invest in this search has got to come from profits—the money we earn in our own business. We can't take risks like these entirely on borrowed funds. People who lend money like to sleep nights.

What we earn in three months—or a year—sounds like a lot.

Until you hear how much we can spend in a day.

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Of course, *Eye* also ridicules real people. Some years ago, it began casting Prime Minister Edward Heath in the role of the Grocer, not just because of Heath's grocerly demeanor but also because of his quibbling over the price of New Zealand butter and Australian kangaroo meat in negotiations that eventually and tortuously led to British entry into the Common Market. Today he is the Grocer both in *Private Eye*'s pages and out; when the Prime Minister stands up to speak in Parliament, even in these days of economic crisis, it is not unusual for Labor members to shout from the other side of the aisle, "Shut up, Grocer!" and "Sit down, Grocer!"

Because of the peculiar ferocity of both the English libel laws and the Official Secrets Act (which would make it an offense for a civil servant to reveal the number of cups of tea drunk in Whitehall on a given day), muckraking used to consist of making a small number of factual

assertions, well-clothed in generalities and then sitting back waiting for a hail of damaging writs to descend from the injured party. *Private Eye*, however, disguised in its scruffy coat, dared to slip around these formidable barriers. Editor Ingrams was astute enough to get an excellent column going about crookery and malfeasance in the City (London's financial area), although Ingrams pretends that he understands neither the City nor the column. The result is an instant infusion of about 5,000 City gents reading about the seamy side of their own world, and in turn becoming addicted to the *Eye*'s great comic saga. A legal column is a similar service and inducement to lawyers.

And, the magazine has gone on to produce what many journalists in the establishment press have been forced to admit is among the very best investigative reporting in Britain. That concession, however, is itself reluctant and grudging. "Some of

their investigative work has been excellent," allows Harold Evans, editor of the *Sunday Times*, who is invariably known as Dame, Harold Evans in the pages of the *Eye*. "Of course, other things are actually a disgrace to the name of journalism."

**T**he *Eye* is produced in a narrow, three-story building in the suitably raunchy Soho section of London. The office is littered with the debris of past successes and failures; if you dig long enough, you will even find the *Private Eye* King Charles Coronation Mugs that were some kind of a hit a decade or so ago. The closest thing to a real Lord Gnome, *Eye*'s mythical owner, is the 35-year-old Ingrams, who has been editor of the magazine its entire 13-year history. As a member of the Baring banking family, and with a grandfather who was physician to Queen Victoria, he is certainly a socially acceptable anarchist. Polite, reserved, even shy, sometimes brusque and vaguely distrustful, Ingrams exhibits little of the spleen one might expect from a man whose entire life is given over to satirical attack. Rather, he seems more like a mumbling university classics professor. Yet satire is what matters most to him; "Richard can spot a hypocrite at a hundred yards," says a colleague. Although he watches carefully over the entire magazine, he denies any interest in politics: "I don't think in terms of doing a service. I don't regard crusades as relevant. My main interest is in the satirical part."

The humor begins to take shape on the morning train on which Ingrams rides into London from what in *Private Eye* could only be called a "suburban villa." As he leafs through the newspaper, stories and ideas pop into his mind, and he jots them down in the margins. During writing weeks, Ingrams settles himself into his office in the top front room, affording him a bird's eye view of the strippers, who march in legions back and forth through Soho, swinging their overnight cases. Ingrams' main collaborator today is Barry Fantoni, also an *Eye* cartoonist, who achieved some fame in the early 1960s as a pop painter—with a portrait of Prince Phillip in his underwear—and by winning critical acclaim at the annual Royal Academy show with a painting he had hoaxed up in 36 hours. Although Fantoni is struggling hard to pick up cricket, he does not come from the same kind of upper class background as most of his colleagues. "Some people say that the *Eye* decided it needed to broaden its social base by getting a Jew, and an immigrant, and somebody who is working class. But they compromised and instead got me, who is all three," says Fantoni.

Fantoni and Ingrams might be joined by several other contributors, including Peter Cook, of *Beyond the Fringe*, and a majority stockholder. (Cook is currently out of collaboration, as he co-stars in the revue *Good Evening!* in New York). The writing is less like an anxious story conference than a joke-writing session for a stage revue or a television variety show. Ideas bounce back and forth, with Ingrams taking the notes in longhand, and thus maintaining the ultimate control over what gets into the magazine. This satire has a topicality, immediacy, and *ad hominem* quality, that cannot be found in *Mad* or the *National Lampoon*, and an energy, zaniness, and viciousness that are missing in Art Buchwald and Russell Baker.

Of course, politicians have always been targets for satire. But *Private Eye* broke all bounds by ridiculing the most sacred of cows—the Royal Family. In a country where every belch from the royalty is customarily treated with fawning admiration, the *Eye*'s ridicule has been considered to

## The Poulson Affair

*Private Eye*'s most notable muckracking achievement by far is exposure of the so-called Poulson Affair, the biggest corruption story in recent British history and one relentlessly ignored by the rest of the British media until very late in the game.

The magazine broke the story in the spring of 1970 when Paul Foot, the *Eye*'s most ardent muckraker, received clippings and information from a reporter in the city of Bradford that suggested chicanery in the awarding of local government contracts to an obscure Yorkshire architect. Starting from the clippings, Foot wrote a three-page story on the affair, and then continued investigating. He discovered that his obscure architect, John Poulson, owned the largest architecture practice in Europe, presided over a host of companies, and was doing business not only all over England but also in Africa and the Mideast. Poulson, it seemed, was uncannily successful in winning lucrative contracts for public facilities throughout Britain—despite the fact that his work often had to be partly rebuilt soon after construction. Poulson, who had never actually obtained his architect's qualification, thought of himself primarily as a businessman, and of course a businessman needs friends.

For the next two years, Foot pounded away at Poulson, his shoddy work, his high fees, and his helpful friends—local government officials, alderman, "public relations" specialists, and major political figures in the national parties. He traced out the maze of Poulson-controlled companies, and documented some of the ways that the architect-businessman looked after his friends—cars, presents, free holidays, cash. "This fellow employed all kinds of political people," Foot recalled, "but no one else would write about it." Foot did, with dogged intensity.

In particular, he began to develop details about Poulson's friendship with the Rt. Hon. Reginald Maudling, Member of Parliament. As Home Secretary and head of the police, Maudling, a round, jolly modern kind of Tory, had become—as the Conservative Party sought to borrow an image from the pre-Watergate Nixon—the very symbol of law and order. In fact, Maudling was either stupidly trusting and a very poor judge of

character, or on the make in a very big way. He was deeply involved with Poulson, was chairman of a Poulson company, and his four children either held stock in, worked for, or sat on the board of Poulson enterprises.

Foot was also after Maudling from a different angle. The Home Secretary had been chairman of the Real Estate Fund of America, a fraudulent off-shore Bernie Cornfeld-style investment company. For that not very taxing responsibility, Maudling had received stock that was worth a million dollars—until this particular off-shore fund went broke and sunk out of sight. Yet, despite all Foot's revelations, the rest of the press ignored the story.

Then, in June, 1972, one of Poulson's companies went bankrupt—partly, said the receiver, because of Foot's allegations. The *Eye* devoted a long report to the bankruptcy hearings. Those hearings supported some of Foot's charges, and suddenly the *Eye* stories were hot news throughout Fleet Street. "The bankruptcy broke the dam," said Foot. "But after being ignored so long, I was amazed when the stories were noticed."

Now it was clear that Poulson had been the center of a wide corruption network, of a kind that the British had believed did not and could not exist in their country. The most dramatic development came a little later in 1972. The police, in that wonderful British euphemism, had taken to "visiting" Maudling to talk about Poulson. Since Maudling was also the head of the police, this would not do at all, and he had no choice. He resigned. The *Eye* had brought down a Cabinet member—the result of more than two years of difficult investigation.

The rest of the press barely got started on Poulson before it was stopped. Poulson was indicted this past summer for corruption, and under British judicial procedure, any further press comment would constitute contempt. In consequence, the book Foot co-authored, *The Fall and Fall of Reginald Maudling*, has been banned. It is known, however, that the web of corruption and bribery extends much wider than most people thought possible, and that other Cabinet members also may have been 'visited' by the police.

—D.Y.

be in the very worst of taste. Recently, as an antidote to the volcanic eruptions of syrup about Princess Anne's marriage to Lt. Mark Phillips, the *Eye* has been lovingly if fictionally chronicling the romance in a mushy series, "Love in the Saddle."

Few readers can find nothing that offends them. When anti-black politician Enoch Powell was pictured on the cover, arms outstretched, with a bubble saying, "And I tell you some of them have got them this long," some readers said the magazine was once again playing into the hands of racists. Last spring, the Queen Elizabeth II made a heavily-guarded trip to Israel carrying primarily American Jews on a pilgrimage to help mark Israel's 25th anniversary. The *Eye* ran a photograph of the ship, with bubble quotes coming out: "Manny Overboard" and "Israel expects every

man to do his duty-free shopping now" and "Are you Jewish? No, a tree fell on me." Those who are sure that anti-semitism laps through *Eye's* pages were further fortified. Similar complaints have been registered that the magazine is anti-women, anti-women's liberation, anti-gay liberation. No one doubts that it obsessively makes fun of what it calls "trendy lefties." Paul Foot, until last year its ace investigative reporter, angrily quit because he could no longer stomach the ridicule of such figures as Bernadette Devlin and Angela Davis. "Sometimes," says Foot, "the *Eye* selects the wrong targets in a desperate attempt to show that it has no favorites. But, my God, Angela Davis was on trial for her life!"

**M**aking satire was not without its unfunny moments, however. By 1963, the Great Satire Boom of the 'sixties had burst and *Private Eye* was in trouble. Peter Cook, then the impresario of the Establishment night club and a partner of David Frost, came in with the \$25,000 necessary to save it, and thus became its proprietor. More important was the entrance of a figure from the past—Claud Cockburn, a former *London Times* foreign correspondent who, in the 1930s, was at one and the same time the editor of a mimeographed paper called *The Week*, diplomatic correspondent for the Communist *Daily Worker*, and the first London correspondent for *Time* and *Fortune*—and, soon thereafter, the first London correspondent for Stalin's *Pravda* as well. Living in literary retirement in Ireland, he was invited back to London during the great Profumo-Christine Keeler scandal of 1963 to guest-edit a special issue of the *Eye*.

Cockburn revolutionized *Eye*. As an experienced journalist, he decided to print news as well. Of course, this news was of a special kind—inside dope, half-gossip, the things no "self-respecting" newspaper would ever touch. "It was always our intention that *Private Eye* should be a paper of information as well as jokes," recalls Ingrams. "But we were very young then and had no contacts in journalism or politics. So the satire came first, and the rest is due to Claud

(continued on page 14)



Salim Patel

## Getting The Kinks Out of the Times

Two blocks down West 43rd Street from *The New York Times* is Le Jardin, a discotheque where the flamboyant patrons of indeterminate sex could be expatriates from *Cabaret*'s Berlin. Seeing the sexes blur so close to home, *Times* reporter Judy Klemesrud wanted to write about bisexuality, and last fall she got the go-ahead from family/style editor Joan Whitman.

The completed article discussed bisexuality's current chic as seen in rock groups, parties, books, and popular movies. Presenting the practice as a social phenomenon, Klemesrud interviewed an officer of Bisexual Liberation, mentioned bisexuality's rising popularity among high school and college students possibly rebelling against their parents, and noted that some purists in the women's movement consider straights to be incomplete feminists. Four psychiatrists, one psychologist, and two psychotherapists were quoted on the nature of bisexuality.

The report apparently met Whitman's standard, because on Dec. 11 she typed a quick note: "Judy—Your story is really terrific!!!—Joan." However, on Dec. 13, Whitman told Klemesrud that managing editor A.M. Rosenthal had killed the story, reportedly saying that he didn't want the subject to appear on the family/style page. He wasn't even sure it belonged anywhere else in the *Times*; but, if the story was in fact undertaken, it would best be handled by the science department. Although Whitman defended the piece on the basis of its sociological perspective, the story did not run as scheduled in the Dec. 17 issue.

Klemesrud says she was "a bit stunned" by these events because the *Times* had run her articles on lesbian mothers and on a transsexual who returned to his wife and children after the operation, as well as other pieces by Enid Nemy on group sex and single mothers. In fact, the *Times*' increased coverage of sex in both the family/style and Sunday entertainment sections was discussed last April in a *New York* magazine article entitled, "All the Sex That's Fit to Print." Rosenthal was quoted therein as saying that "all the taboos are gone" and that he was sponsoring an "open attitude" on the subject.

Rosenthal now says he has no time to discuss *Times* coverage of bisexuality. Whitman also refused to comment. Rosenthal referred questions to assistant managing editor Seymour Topping, who insists that the piece was not killed because of its subject matter, but because "it was an inadequate story." In what way? "I'm not going to get into it." Topping also would not get into why Klemesrud, one of the *Times*' most talented and lively reporters, wasn't asked to rewrite the story, noting only that the topic had been reassigned to another unnamed department. The piece was discussed with the science department, but is not in the works at present, a source reports.

Whether this particular subject eventually runs in the paper, it appears that sex in its less

conventional forms will no longer be an open topic for *Times* reporters. At an early January meeting, Whitman told her staff that the family/style page would henceforth concentrate on service and how-to pieces, because there were no new lifestyles to write about. *Times* have changed, she explained.

—A. CUNNINGHAM

## 4,000 Inches of Super Bowl Blitz

From Sunday, Jan. 6, through Monday, Jan. 14, New York's three daily newspapers devoted 4,075 column inches (including pictures) to the Super Bowl, a professional football game. The *Daily News*, for all its alleged space limitations, took the championship with 1,792 column inches. The *Post* weighed in second with 1,300, but doubtless would have given the *News* a better fight if it published a Sunday edition. The *Times* was relatively subdued during the warmup week, averaging less than 100 inches per day; but on Super Bowl Sunday (Jan. 13) it made up for earlier deficiencies with over two solid pages of analysis, charts and other insights, including a penetrating story about a Houston astrologer who was enthusiastic about the Minnesota Vikings. The *Times* grand total was 938 column inches.

From the beginning, the city's sports-writers struggled to perceive for us, among many other difficult subjects, whether the astronauts would get to see a replay of the Big Game when they return to earth and are waiting to emerge from NASA's "decontamination and reorientation chamber" and how hard it is for Tim Foley of the Miami Dolphins to psyche himself up to mutilate others because he is such a Christian gentleman. And when Bud Grant, the Minnesota coach, complained about the tacky Vikings camp—and directed photographers to record the sparrows in the showers—the reporters went into a positive

frenzy. At last, a story!

Thousands of words, of course, were spent on injuries—nine major pieces in all, plus constant references in other articles. Miami end Paul Warfield's "strained" hamstring muscle got the biggest play, and then turned out to be fake or extremely minor. We also got a lot on how Dolphins back Nick Buoniconti narrowly missed surgery the week before the game (Don Shula, his coach, demanded that the doctors wait). Conscientious readers also learned how the Vikings star rookie, Chuck Foreman, was named after a baby who died on a soap opera, and how Mrs. Don Shula always cries during the national anthem.

Inevitably, a few stories seemed fresh and interesting, but just a few. Miami's Larry Csonka, the game's Most Valuable Player, told Paul Zimmerman of the *Post* he thought the trend toward highly pressurized little league football is bad for kids. At ages nine and ten, Csonka said, boys should not be subjected to screaming parent-fans and serious drills; they should just be having fun. Dave Anderson of the *Times*, as usual, did some good pieces, including one on rookie Foreman and another on football's strange importance to America. And way back a week before the game, Norm Miller of the *News* had the foresight to predict a dull, overpublicized Super Bowl—but nobody paid any attention to him.

—LINDA SCARBOROUGH

## Will Summer Come For John Shaheen?

In October, 1971, conservative millionaire John M. Shaheen announced the impending publication of the *New York Press*—yet another projected rival to the afternoon *New York Post*. After several postponed debuts, the *Press* is still not on the stands. In the meantime, however, Shaheen has been making his presence felt



around town with determination, arrogance and plenty of big money.

Shaheen caused a stir last August by sending recruitment letters to some 40 *Wall Street Journal* staffers, at least one of whom is currently negotiating with the *Press*. Other resumes are piled up in Shaheen's Park Avenue office, but only the editor has been hired: he is Bruce Maier, former president of the defunct *Newark Evening News*. No one will quote figures from the fat payroll Shaheen is expected to meet, but *Press* spokesman Jesse Taub admits that salaries "will be very high." "Twenty per cent above *Journal* salaries was the figure I heard," says Frederick S. Taylor, the *Journal's* managing editor. "According to one of my men, Shaheen's approach was, 'We recognize that this is a speculative venture and we're going to have to pay a premium'."

This "premium" has already cost Shaheen \$6 million out of a total \$10 million he plans to invest in start-up costs and initial losses. A major expense is the construction of a newsprint mill adjoining an oil refinery he owns in Come By Chance, Newfoundland. In New York, one of the eight Goss presses that will print the 32-page, full-sized paper has been installed in the old *Morning Telegraph* building at 525 West 52nd Street; the others are paid for, but remain in a warehouse in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Taub explains that present efforts are focusing on the mailroom, which, like much of the *Press* operation, is being automated to expedite distribution and to minimize union involvement.

The plant's near-midtown location is supposed to help the *Press* beat the *Post* to the newsstands. But Shaheen really hopes to grab New York's evening readers by carrying the complete stock market closing prices in the last two of each day's four editions. (The *Post* carries them in the last two of five editions.) This financial extra is consistent with the overall business orientation of the *Press*, which Shaheen believes places his paper more in competition with the *Journal* than the *Post*.

Although he claims that newspapers are just another business, this effort will be on-the-job training for Shaheen. Skeptics have doubted his ability to pose a major threat to other newspapers, or even to get the *Press* rolling in the first place. Still, the extensive preparations undertaken suggest that the remaining question concerning the *Press* is not whether it will appear, but when. The latest target date for publication is sometime this summer; but as even publicity man Taub concedes, "It might be an Indian summer at that."

—ESTHER DYSON

## Going Ga-Ga In the Newsroom

Breaking developments in the Watergate case, the "energy crisis," and the Middle East situation shared the headlines on January 1 as dedicated journalists grappled with the real question on everyone's mind: who was the city's first New Year's baby? The answer depends on where you get your news, because New York's newspapers and television stations managed to



produce no less than three different "firsts" for a baby-hungry public.

Following a telephone check of the city's major hospitals, The Associated Press started the scramble with the tale of Rachel Batz, "apparently" the city's first baby, born at 12:01 A.M. at St. Vincent's Medical Center on Staten Island. Five minutes later, the story continued, a baby boy was born at St. John's Hospital in Queens to Thandigcelu and Meena Balasubramanian. They named him Jim, and he quickly became the media's darling.

Flooded with calls from reporters, St. John's held a press conference on New Year's morning and produced the attending medical team to tell the story. Both WABC and WNBC inexplicably dubbed Jim the year's first arrival, although NBC hedged its bets with a disclaimer noting an anonymous baby's birth shortly after midnight. The *Daily News*, ever eager for an exotic picture, was more careful, describing Jim as "among the first recorded births." Even the *Times* felt obliged to report the event, mentioning both Jim and Rachel, albeit on page 28 and discreetly buried nine paragraphs down in an omnibus story about New Year's Day.

But they all missed the big one—all, that is, except the *Post*, which outscouted its rivals with a baby born at the very stroke of midnight. Imagine the delight of baby fanciers, treated to the dramatic image of expectant father Rasi Manukian—"who hails from Bulgaria"—"pacing the carpet in [his] one-bedroom apartment." How did the *Post* score this coup? Rasi called the city desk.

Only WCBS took the high road, refusing

to cover what city editor Marvin Friedman calls "one of the most hackneyed, clichéd stories of all time." Those with a high schmaltz quotient will disagree, of course, and are anxiously awaiting media coverage of the birth of the first spring lamb.

—C.C.

## It's Important To Double Space

Fresh from a course on the latest flacking techniques, New York's Committee on Youth (COY) of the Public Relations Society of America was anxious to meet the press and learn how to score ink for their clients. On Jan. 14, assistant city editors Dick Oliver of the *News* and Sheldon Binn of the *Times*, and day editor Tom Stite of *Newsday* joined COY for an ambitiously-titled session on "What Media People Want From PR People and/or What Gripes Media People Have About PR People." The result was a low-key exhibition of the strange bedfellowship existing between press agents and press.

The 20-member COY contingent of corporate employees, agency workers, and personnel consultants listened attentively as Oliver dissected a few sample press releases (praise for the American Bar Association's simple declarative sentences; censure for the Apollo Theater and RCA for self-puffery). Asked whether PR representatives were more helpful to editors now than several years ago, Binn replied, "Maybe a little better. Fewer people make the mistake of lying to you." And finally Stite treated the audience to his reflections on the PR man ("I used to wish there never was such a thing, but now I'm used to it").

A linguistic confusion, however, plagued the entire discussion, since what PR people exalt as "press release" becomes, upon arrival at the city desk, mere "handout." But the Young Turks of the PR world were too intent on picking up editor-pleasing pointers to challenge the paternalistic shots being lobbed at them. Instead, they queried the panel on press release formats (Stite: try to double space), the need for headlines (Oliver: none), and the ethics of distributing multiple copies of the same release in one newsroom (Binn: as many as you like). They laughed politely when Oliver told of pinning a Mobil Oil PR man to his chair with a question about private fuel tanks recently installed under the front lawn of Mobil President W.P. Tavoulareas. But no one asked about the *News's*—and other newspapers'—longtime dependence on those same oil company flacks for its fuel statistics.

The participants proceeded lamely through what was billed as a "shirtsleeves workshop," with only one question giving the panelists some pause. "You said that in the end the editor decides what is news," asked a COY member. "What experience in news gathering would you say someone needs to become an editor?" Binn dismissed this with a few words about "mature news judgment." He did not elaborate. After all, the editors weren't about to give away any trade secrets.

—DAVID LUSTERMAN

11

1010 WINS

New York Post

9

Amsterdam News

(continued from page 11)  
Cockburn."

Such news has become a staple, and fills out the second face of *Private Eye*. This news appears in the "Colour Section," created by former *Eye* guru Muggeridge. Many of its items concern wrongdoing and idiocy in politics, business and journalism. Some are fed into the paper by reporters who cannot publish them in their own newspapers.

A good deal of the material emerges during what is now a ritual, the weekly Wednesday lunches on the second floor of the Horse and Carriage pub, across Greek Street, attended by a changing roster of journalists and politicians. When Labor was in power, Government ministers used to seek out invitations so they could revel in the chance to be indiscreet and prove that they had a security clearance to the corridors of power, but the Conservatives, like the Nixon Republicans, tend to be much more stand-offish from the press. With Ingrams injudiciously pouring the wine, and other *Eye* staffers trooping up and down the stairs with beer, tongues wag, and a kind of competition develops as to who can come up with the most startling bit of information—be it about the first transvestite pilot on BOAC's North Atlantic route, or a Cabinet member's business deals. Such items, often not checked, are at once printed in the next issue.

*Private Eye's* loose editorial eye leads to its number one curse—libel suits. "Notoriously inaccurate" is the way Chapman Pincher, the silver-haired defense correspondent of the *Daily Express* describes the *Eye*. But Pincher is not without his axe to grind, for he recently sued the *Eye* for \$2,500. It seems that, on one or more occasions, Pincher had somehow phoned in his stories not to the *Daily Express* but the rival *Daily Mail*. The *Eye* so reported and infuriated Pincher, who blamed it all on the inefficiency of the Post Office, which runs the British phone system. But the *Eye* could not help embellishing the matter a bit by suggesting that Pincher was in fact trying to sell his stories to his employer's main competitor. Pincher won his \$2,500 point.

Every writ carried into a full-fledged libel case threatens the very existence of the *Eye*. Claud Cockburn succeeded in teaching the magazine an important lesson he learned with *The Week* in the 1930s—that the appearance of poverty often helps deflect suits, which is one reason that the *Eye* no longer has its growing circulation audited. In fact, it makes about \$600 an issue, which, along with the unsolicited sums sent in by readers during libel actions and an occasional benefit, so far has been enough to meet legal costs and judgments over the years.

The first significant libel action was taken by Randolph Churchill, whose writs were delivered to everybody, including the secretaries. Churchill alleged that he had been libeled by a cartoon that had suggested that his biography of his illustrious father was actually the work of a team of hacks—"never was so much written by so many for so little." Churchill settled, however, by letting the *Eye* pay for a full-page apology in the *London Evening Standard*.

About 80 libel actions have followed since, more than half by outraged (or money-seeking) journalists. These litigants have included the editors of the *Daily Express* (twice), the *Daily Mirror*, the *New Statesman*, the owner of the *Spectator*, and two reporters from the *People* (a mass circulation tits-'n-bottoms Sunday paper), who won \$27,500 in 1968.

As a result of all this libel action, the *Eye* has become more skilled and careful in how it does things. "We've learned to anticipate some types of



"Private Eye has shown what the rest of the press could be doing. In that they haven't followed, it stands as a condemnation of the rest of the press."

libel problems in advance," said Patrick Marnham, a former barrister, who is now one of the *Eye's* muckrakers. "We try to prepare our possible court evidence as we do the stories."

**E**ye's most intensive investigator has been Paul Foot, son of Britain's former ambassador to the United Nations, who joined the staff in 1966. He had been an editor of the *Eye's* precursors at Shrewsbury and Oxford where, according to Ingrams, he was "widely suspected of taking things too seriously." By the time he joined the *Eye*, after five years of Glasgow reporting, Foot had become even more serious and left-wing, and, with his hair cut in a page-boy, he appeared back on the London scene as a committed socialist and determined muckraker.

He created a new section called Footnotes that began in-depth investigations. At first little attention was paid, and Foot became discouraged. "If the entire press refuses to publish something all the time, you start getting an inferiority complex," he said. But gradually, he built up a network of sources and contacts, with readers often contributing to the boil; and it became obvious that Foot was revealing significant stories that otherwise were going unreported. He produced what the *New Statesman* called "a brilliant stream of exposes"—the seamy side of heart transplants, the boondoggle of the otherwise worshipped Concorde supersonic airliner, police corruption, the role of Britain in the Nigerian civil war, corruption in the civil service and—his biggest score—the Poulson Affair (see box, page 10).

Slowly, Foot won admiration even in the press establishment. "The success of *Private Eye* in uncovering scandals," Charles Wintour, editor of the *London Evening Standard*, dryly noted, "may also suggest to some journalists that they have been insufficiently curious about the society in which they live." Further recognition came in 1972, when the Independent Television network honored Foot as Journalist of the Year. The highest compliment of all came when the *Daily Express* tried to hire him at many times his *Eye* salary.

The Poulson case led to what may prove to be the most significant of all libel actions against the *Eye*. Reporters on the Sunday newspaper, *The Observer*, belatedly spurred by Foot's reporting,

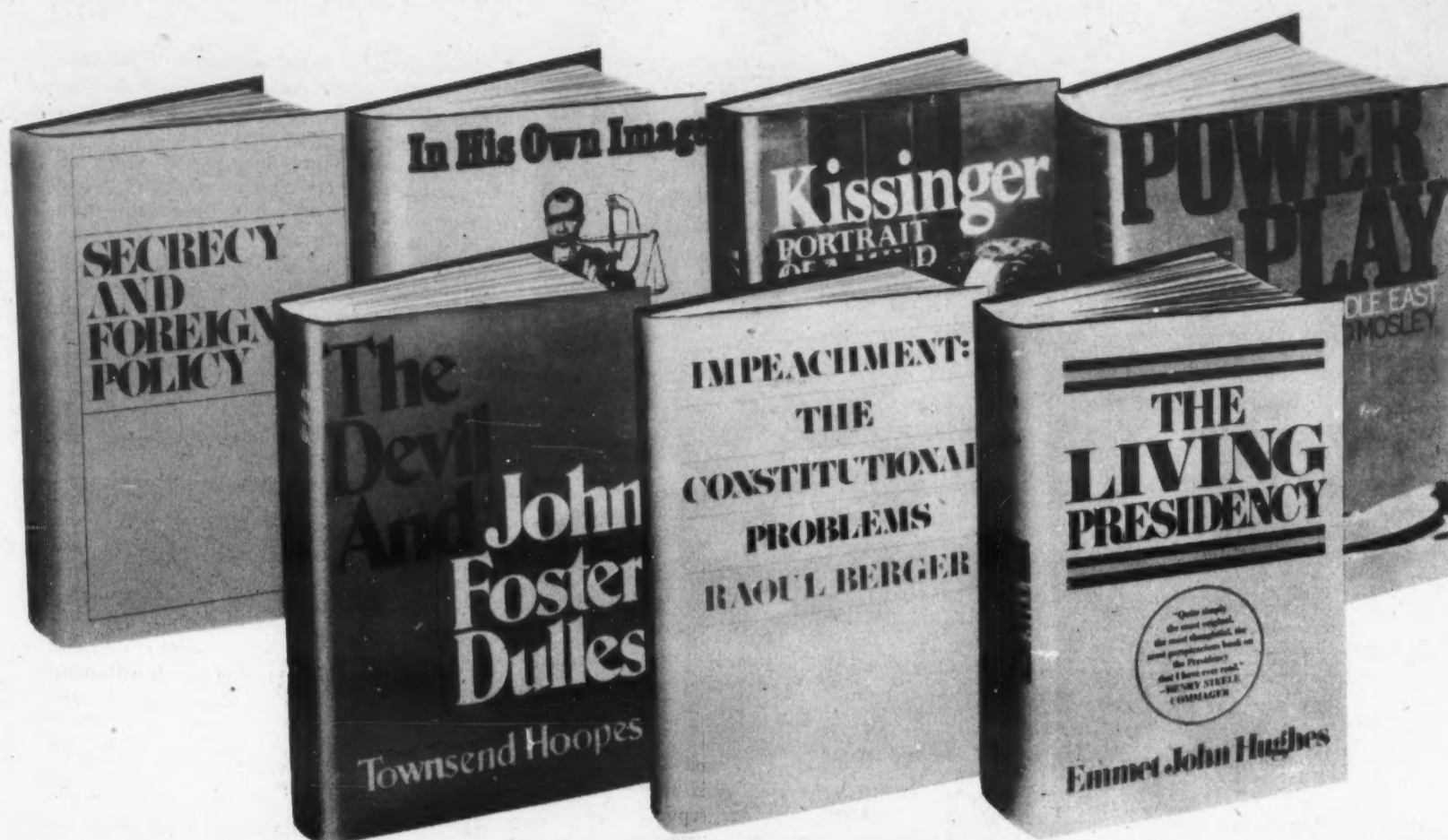
had begun to look into Reginald Maudling's business deals. Nora Beloff, the paper's well known and somewhat pompous political correspondent, who tends to get cozy with those in power, protested that the other reporters were swimming into her pool. *The Observer's* weak editor, David Astor, sided with Beloff, and the investigative team was told to "leave everything to Nora." Beloff then wrote a long eulogy to Maudling as the best politician around and inevitably Prime Minister if Heath "falls off his yacht." She coupled this with a stinging attack on *Private Eye* as a "political comic" that was smearing Maudling, and dismissed Foot's stories as the *Eye's* "familiar mix of genuine revelations, half-truths, and pure fabrications, strung together by damaging insinuations."

Unfortunately, the internal dispute at *The Observer* had been conducted by memo, and Beloff's found its way to the *Eye*, where Foot used it for a devastating attack on the lady's journalistic credibility, and suggested that perhaps her story was a mix of half-truths and pure fabrications. In addition, Auberon Waugh hilariously ridiculed Beloff in his column. "Finding herself with nothing to write about on Saturday, she decided, reasonably enough, to copy out a story from *Private Eye*... SHE GOT IT ALL WRONG." Beloff sued. In October literal-minded judge straight-facedly insisted that Waugh had written that she had turned to prostitution to advance her fortunes.

Since, however, what Foot had printed was true, she could not sue him for libel; instead she sought revenge through the ingenious device of charging that the *Eye* had infringed her copyright by publishing the internal memo. The judge rejected the *Eye's* contention that the entire matter was of "public interest." Beloff lost, though, on the mere technicality that the copyright to the memo belonged to *The Observer* and could not be assigned to her in anticipation of the trial.

By late last year, Foot had left *Private Eye*, distressed with its ridicule of Left figures. He has since joined *Socialist Worker*, a weekly put out by a Marxist group called International Socialism. For several months, the *Eye* suffered from his departure. But in the last half-year, Foot's successors, Patrick Marnham, formerly of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Martin Tompkinson, have begun to find their stride. They exposed the tendency of Allied Brewers, the largest brewery in Europe, to rebottle cheap wines under more expensive labels, reproducing the internal memos that proved it. They also uncovered wholesale exploitation of the National Health Service by heart surgeons, operating on their own private patients from the Middle East, and detailed the private financial stake that the government minister responsible for North Sea oil developments has in that very development.

**S**chizophrenic, bourgeois, anarchistic, hilarious—*Private Eye* is unique in British journalism. "The chaps who run it have great courage," says one top British investigative reporter, "and have taken a lot of risks, and *Private Eye* has shown what the rest of the press could be doing. In that they haven't followed, it stands as a condemnation of the rest of the press." But Lord Gnome himself—the paper's mythical proprietor—would never be satisfied with so modest and one-sided a judgment. And, indeed, he has provided the most balanced, even-handed assessment of the *Eye* to date—"the most consistently brilliant, amusing and informed periodical in the long history of journalism."



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Yves Montand • Irene Papas • Jean-Louis Trintignant

A Film by Costa-Gavras • Music by Mikis Theodorakis



A Cinema V Presentation • Eastmancolor

(continued from page 1)

titles assuring us that what we were about to see was true, that only the names had been changed to protect the innocent, were merely spinach for moralists to munch on while the rest of us got on to the good part.

**T**hus journalism, movie-style, until very recently was a lively, in-the-news topic employed to animate a fictional construct that might or might not further understanding of some larger subject, but which was free to succeed or fail in conventional dramatic and cinematic terms. But just as there is something we can't quite define but which we like to call The New Journalism in print there is a New Journalism in the movies as well, and though it has been swimming around in front of us on the screen for some time it is only lately that critics and other observers have begun to pay much attention to it and the issues it inevitably raises.

The key fact about this New Journalism, setting it apart from earlier journalistic films, is that its basic creative drive is not toward the invention of stories and characters which it can suggest are the typical results of some unpleasant set of social conditions or attitudes, but toward something else. As we shall see, a good deal of fictionalization goes on in these films, but that is incidental to their major preoccupation, which is the creation of a documentary-like atmosphere in which small details—the look of a street or a room, for example—can be verified as true either through the audience's direct knowledge or through our memories of conventional reportage. One supposes, if one is not very sophisticated, that if the film makers have been careful in matters of this kind that they have been careful in larger, more important matters as well. More often than not films of this sort do not feature major stars or if they do they tend to be stars of the more anonymous sort—like Al Pacino, hiding out behind his huge beard and talking in a funny accent in *Serpico*. Other players in films of this sort are

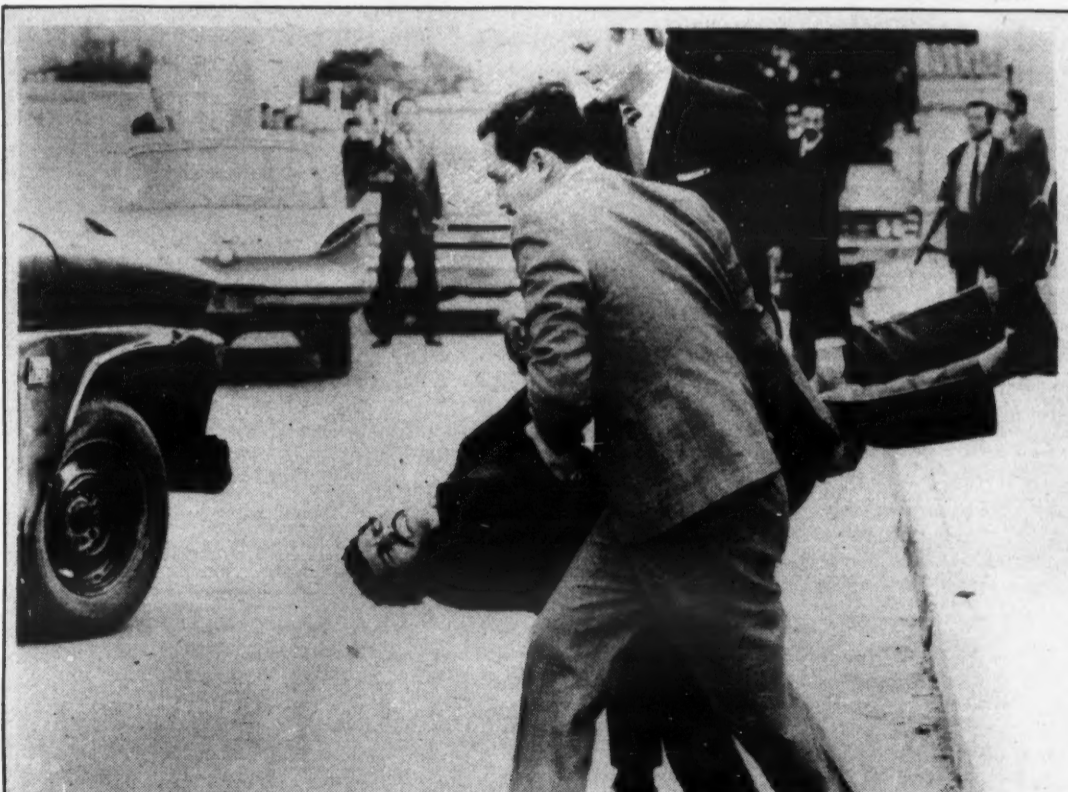
either amateurs or professionals who have made no particular impression on the public, who look, in short, like real people. When one of these pictures carries a prefatory statement, like the one on *State of Siege* which insists that "The events in this film actually took place in a South American country," the tendency is to believe just about everything that follows. Such claims, incidentally, often receive generous support from interviews in the

newspapers in which the director earnestly informs us that he and his associates devoted months to research and that the results of that work are intended merely to set forth, as objectively as possible, the historical facts in the matter, permitting the audience to draw its own conclusions about them.

Given this barrage of flack, most critics tend to be unquestioning about the factual basis of a film like *State of Siege*. We are not generally in the business of testing the factual basis of a work of presumptive art. We tend also to have a bias in favor of the artist. It is, I think, a safe assumption to believe that his devotion to truth is—or should be—larger than that of, for example, those state department functionaries who rose to question the accuracy of Costa-Gavras' account of the kidnapping and murder of A.I.D. official Daniel Mittrione—the subject of *State of Siege*.

And, indeed, the intellectual and journalistic community raised scarcely a question about *State of Siege*, in part because they were so outraged because George Stevens, president of the American Film Institute, withdrew from sponsorship of the movie's American premiere in Washington at the opening of the A.F.I.'s new theater there. Stevens apparently determined, by no means unreasonably, that the film had a pronounced anti-American bias, and was thus inappropriate for his festivities. Immediately, cries of censorship filled the land and that guaranteed a respectful, not to say fawning, critical reception when the film opened in New York last spring. A more satisfactory red herring could not have been created by a hundred press agents. In that atmosphere, it would have required a critic of more than usual courage to question the film's veracity.

Instead, it was *Serpico*, a home-grown product, directed by Sidney Lumet, a much more commercially minded (though not necessarily more commercially successful) director than Costa-Gavras, which became the focal point of questions about the obligations of cinema's New Journalists to truth. It was the redoubtable Pauline Kael, in



## STATE OF SIEGE

Cinema 5 presents YVES MONTAND in a film by Costa Gavras • with Renato Salvatori and O. E. Hasse • music by Mikis Theodorakis

The changing face of Frank Serpico as portrayed by Al Pacino in the film, *Serpico*.



her *New Yorker* review, who laid the first warning shot across *Serpico*'s bow. Giving it high marks as an entertainment, she observed that it was a "Tom and Jerry" cartoon version of its title-character's life. As we all know, Frank Serpico was that rare bird, an honest New York cop. Rarer still, he determined to do something about the problem of corruption on the force, trying to inform on his crooked colleagues and experiencing the most depressing difficulties in getting either his superiors or Mayor Lindsay's staff to do anything about the evidence he accumulated. Eventually, of course, he succeeded in getting one or two fellow officers—and *The New York Times*—to pay attention and, ultimately, there was the Knapp Commission, a crackdown inside the department and vindication of sorts. Kael quite correctly observed that in dealing with Serpico's career, the film took the easy way out, playing Serpico's increasing (and justifiable) paranoia for laughs, not taking us inside it "trying to cling to our sanity and experiencing the loner's panic as a dizzying sly joke." The film, she notes, goes for a simpler joke, "a single-note joke, and there's no pain in it."

This is, I think, a justifiable aesthetic complaint. As is the notion that Pacino's performance misses greatness, perhaps even goodness, because he makes Serpico into a rather too adorable *schlemiel*, funny and cuddly, instead of what he was in Peter Maas's book about him—a driven character who cannot explain to his biographer what, exactly, it is that's driving him.

More to the present point, however, is Kael's assertion that the film's writers and its director have imposed "their own aimless cynicism" on an account of "an authentic hero," the sort of figure that, in the old days, Hollywood would have been pleased to invent, but who is too good to seem true to the modern movie maker. As she says, good cop Serpico may not have deeply damaged an organization in which crookedness had become systemic, but he at least gave it a good hard shot and by merely surviving demonstrated—hopefully to other young policemen—that going along with corruption is not an absolute requirement. Kael finds the conclusion, which shows Serpico more beaten down, less resilient than she observed him to be in real life, evidence that Lumet and Co. had bought "the popular new pose about how America is coming apart at the seams and *should*"—as retribution for Vietnam and all our other sins.

I find this criticism slightly overdrawn. It seems to me the film leaves Serpico about where the Maas book left him—undecided about his future, hopeful there was something more he might contribute, unsure how to go about it. No matter what he's doing he appears to be by nature a loner and it doesn't seem to me that the film's last shot—



of Serpico waiting to board a boat for Europe—is untrue to the man (he apparently and understandably was at loose ends when he left the police force) or to his own story (he has indeed spent most of his time in Switzerland in the last couple of years). It's entirely possible, indeed, that the sabbatical has affected his spirits positively. Anyway, I didn't feel, as Kael did, that the film was a downer, or that by the current standards of the industry it was particularly cynical. On the other hand, her sense that there is a great deal of casual self-hatred floating around in American culture these days is correct. It has been epidemic in show biz for several years, just as Communist party membership—and fellow-traveling—was in the thirties and forties and for the same reason—guilty

self-loathing, too much money paid out for work its people don't really respect. It also explains why pictures like *Serpico* and *State of Siege* are so enthusiastically welcomed by critics who partake of the same attitudes.

But I don't want to impute my dissatisfaction with *Serpico* to cynicism on the part of its creators—or even to Show Folk play-acting as intellectuals by aping their more readily apprehensible attitudes. Maybe that is, indeed, what went wrong with it. But there is a simpler explanation, which is that it is the work of movie makers, who are essentially simple souls, not of journalists, and their standards about accuracy are likely to be quite different from what ours have traditionally been. Indeed, I would say that by the standards of their profession they treated Peter Maas's book very tenderly. Except for the addition of a few gags, of Lumet's obvious encouragement of the actors to go for laughs, for freakiness in their behavior and of a witless effort to add some romantic interest to the story by having their hero indulge in a couple of long term "relationships" which it was apparently not in Serpico's nature to entertain, this is a surprisingly accurate rendition of the book. Its major incidents survive intact, much of the dialogue Serpico recalled for Maas is present word for word. And even the book's basic structure—flashback recollections of his career as Serpico lay near death as the result of a line-of-duty shooting—is retained. If this had been a novel we would, I think, be praising the film's makers for their scrupulousness.

But that's precisely the point. Maas's book was not a novel and one rather imagines that it was hard for the boys to remember that in the heat of their story conferences. They had, after all, been through this process of "kicking the story" many times before—but always with fiction. How could they be expected to remember, as the results of their brainstorming rained down on them, as they firmed up a story line by throwing out ambiguous material demonstrating, for example, that Serpico encountered quite a few honest cops as he went along, that this was not fiction? And, in fact, Maas's book was not helpful in this regard, for it reads as much like a novel as he can make it, with its long passages of reconstructed dialogue, its careful recountings of his protagonist's interior monologues, its novelistic descriptions of settings and minor characters.

One does not doubt Maas's scrupulousness, although it should be observed that the criticisms of the film's accuracy and fairness by the real-life models for its characters—as recorded in Michael T. Kaufman's *Times* article shortly after the movie opened (and Kael's review had appeared)—could as well have been leveled at the book. (Odd how this kind of complaint tends to surface when a work finds a mass public and the sense grows that someone is about to make really big bucks.) It

could be argued, in fact, that Maas was not writing a detailed study of police corruption in modern New York, that his only obligation was to *Serpico* whose views were patently not objective. Anyway, the complaints Kaufman dug up were more over interpretation than over substance. "I was too a hero." "No you weren't." "Nyeh. Nyeh."

The important point is that two significant trends of recent years have come together to create a critical mess. There is, of course, the old show biz demand for dramatic license, a license that has traditionally been granted freely when movie makers adaptively attack fiction or even historical subjects that are safely remote from us. Any half-awake adult knows about this and is probably wary about the claims made for the truth of conventionally shot films of these sorts. What complicates this familiar issue is the technological advances which allow *cinema verite* film makers to record reality as it happens, on the spot. For fast film and light-weight cameras are available to everyone and thus the manner of the *cinema verite* documentarian, a manner which seems to guarantee a film's authenticity, is accessible to people whose devotion to *cinema* may be unquestionable but whose respect for *verite* is dubious. It is amazing how the wobbly handheld camera, the zooming lens, the underlit, grainy film magically encourages the suspension of disbelief.

**S**ince 1967, when Gillo Pontecorvo made an entire feature, *The Battle of Algiers*, reconstructing the urban guerrilla war between French troops and Arab partisans in that city, and made his long film look so much like a compilation of historical footage that he had to put a disclaimer on it informing audiences that not one frame of the work was taken from old newsreels, the attraction of this technique, especially for politicized directors, has grown. One thinks of Costa-Gavras's *Z*, about the Lambrakis affair in Greece, of Francesco Rosi's recent, underrated *The Mattei Affair*, about the mysterious demise of the chief of the Italian state oil cartel, who may have been murdered by international business rivals. Then, too, one finds *cinema verite* techniques employed for long, authenticity-proving sequences in otherwise conventionally made movies (for example, *The French Connection*). Reversing that order we find people slipping fictional sequences ("reenactments") into documentaries like *Salesman* and *Derby*, and even into TV documentaries like the recent National Geographic special about survival training, *Journey to the Outer Limits*.

The resulting confusion of fact and fancy seems to me simply deplorable, though it is hard to know what one should do about it, beyond suggesting that reviewers take a tougher line about it and that the public be wary as they settle down to fare of this kind. I would suggest, as well, that journalism itself, with its generally permissive attitude toward the New Journalism, helped create an atmosphere in which this kind of cinematic trickery can flourish. For when you come right down to it, and all the fancy rationales of people like Tom Wolfe and Gay Talese for what they've been doing are stripped away, isn't it true that their business has been to make non-fiction resemble fiction as much as possible? Haven't they been working their way from the other end of the spectrum toward the middle where they have met the movie people tunneling in from their side? Can we really blame the makers of *Serpico* for their exaggerations and their subjectivism considering their source? They must have felt, as I always do when reading books like *Serpico* (or *Honor Thy Father*) that a certain amount of invention must inevitably enter into the creative process. The

writer, in fact, doesn't have to do it. All he has to do is press a willing subject to remember, remember, remember. Pretty soon he will—and in the process, like anyone else, he will improve this tale in the retelling, adding a convincing detail here, a bit of dialogue more pointed in the recounting than it was historically. We do this ourselves in our living rooms every night, clarifying our motives, putting in the lines we wish we'd gotten off instead of the ones we lamely came up with, as we recount the day's adventures to our spouses. The hands of anyone recounting such material are technically clean.

**I**n short, a new cinematic technique and a new journalistic technique, occurring together in the same historical moment, have reinforced one another. Thus movie people, who never knew, or gave a damn, about the ethical standards of the reporter's trade, are suddenly involved in journalistic issues while reporters, who never knew or gave a damn about the standards of fictional art, are in a position to wrap aesthetic rationales about their work. This may not be the literal truth they say, offering us works that look and read like novels, but it is a higher truth, the way things may have been, or ought to have been. Rather...er...like fiction.

Little wonder, then, that a profoundly offensive film like *Executive Action* gets released and makes money by titillatingly mixing historical footage dealing with the assassination of President Kennedy with footage that looks like the real article and then cementing this disparate junk together with a totally fictitious account of a right-wing conspiracy that is, thank God, so vulgarly imagined, in a film so cheaply mounted, that it affronts good taste almost as blatantly as it does common sense. That, the critics pounced on.

That they did not react similarly to *State of Siege*, a much more clever bit of artifice, demonstrates just how slippery the ground now is under our feet. *Siege*, of course, recounts the kidnapping and assassination of Daniel Mitrione (called Philip Michael Santore and played by Yves Montand in the film), by a Uruguayan guerrilla group called the Tupamaros, who charged that as an A.I.D. advisor to their nation's police he actually was in charge of counter-insurgency efforts, which included the torture of political prisoners.

Unlike *Executive Action*, the film has an objective air about it. Santore-Mitrione is played with weary pleasantness by Montand—no Gestapo type he. The Tupamaros are shown to be humanely hesitant about executing him when the government rejects their proffered exchange of his life for release of its so-called political prisoners. And, indeed, with the exception of a few out-of-hand police sadists, the government is portrayed as more ineffectual than consciously evil. In interviews with the American press, Costa-Gavras was quoted as saying that he deliberately chose a French actor to play an American in order to lend a certain objectivity to his effort, create a distancing effect. He was also careful to note that he didn't blame the American people as a whole for the excesses allegedly condoned and perhaps encouraged by Mitrione (nice of him), that he disapproved personally of assassination as a political weapon, that he carefully called attention to the fact that the Tupamaros had misread their opponents, were victimized by their own errors almost as much as Mitrione was.

Yet the fact remains that *State of Siege* can only be read as a disguised Marxist tract. Neither the film nor the director in his numerous statements about it produces anything more than allegations that Mitrione condoned or participated in torture; and though anything is possible, it

seems to me that so serious a charge ought to be documented by something more than the Tupamaros' perhaps justifiably paranoid suspicions. It seems to me every bit as likely that the Uruguayan torturers would have kept knowledge of their activities from a foreigner; it is not, after all, the sort of activity one brags about. Moreover, whatever Costa-Gavras thinks, the American police have lagged far behind their overseas compatriots in matters of this kind—in part because, historically, cellar conspiracies have not had much influence on our political life, in part because, whatever the occasional inadequacies of our enforcement of the Bill of Rights, we do have one and it manifestly plays a powerful restraining role in our lives. The odd beating in the backroom of a precinct house is different than a well-managed chain of government torture chambers. Finally, it seems unlikely that anyone in South America needs technical assistance in administering electric shock treatment to recalcitrant captives. The technique has been in existence for at least four decades and appears to be, on the evidence of this film and many another source, simplicity itself to master, for those with a taste for it.

One might also observe that the film leaves out a good deal of essential background material about the situation in Uruguay. At the time of Mitrione's death, for example, experienced reporters noted that the country had long enjoyed a reputation as the most stable of the South American countries, the "Switzerland" of the region. To be sure, its economy had faltered in the 'sixties, but the Marxist interpretation of that failure is not necessarily the only one, though that is certainly what Costa-Gavras casually implies. Moreover, these journalists reported that the repressiveness of the government occurred only after the Tupamaros—who began their careers as rather pranksterish Robin Hood types—began to threaten the nation's long-standing tranquility. As self-proclaimed revolutionaries they may well have invited the reprehensible tactics employed against them. The technique, again, is not unknown.

Manifestly, we are too distant from an obscure situation to pass final judgment on it. It may be that the Costa-Gavras film is accurate down to the last frame (well, probably not, since the historical Mitrione had nine children while the fictional one has but seven), but it does seem sensible to withhold judgment on the authenticity of this film, which was almost unquestioningly accepted by critics. If, indeed, Costa-Gavras is the artist they crack him up to be, then why didn't he simply invent a story about an assassination? If one were genuinely interested in the moral questions posed by a political act of this nature, fiction offers a surer way to isolate it for judicious, imaginative consideration than journalism does.

**T**he same question, of course, could be posed to the makers of *Serpico* or any of the other films of this New Journalistic kind. And the answer is obvious. There is more controversy, hence more box-office, in the appearance of reality. We are, in addition, impressed very often by the skill that goes into the reconstructive effort—boy, does that ever look real. Finally, an air of sobriety, of serious intent, inevitably hangs over works of this kind. They are inevitably taken more seriously by the critics and the public, in thrall as they are to the realistic aesthetic—and to the ancient American suspicion that somehow the telling of made-up stories is not a serious, grown-up business. That this new alternative is a dangerous business, one that requires a certain reserve—to put it mildly—on the part of critics, public and the media in general should have been obvious from the start.

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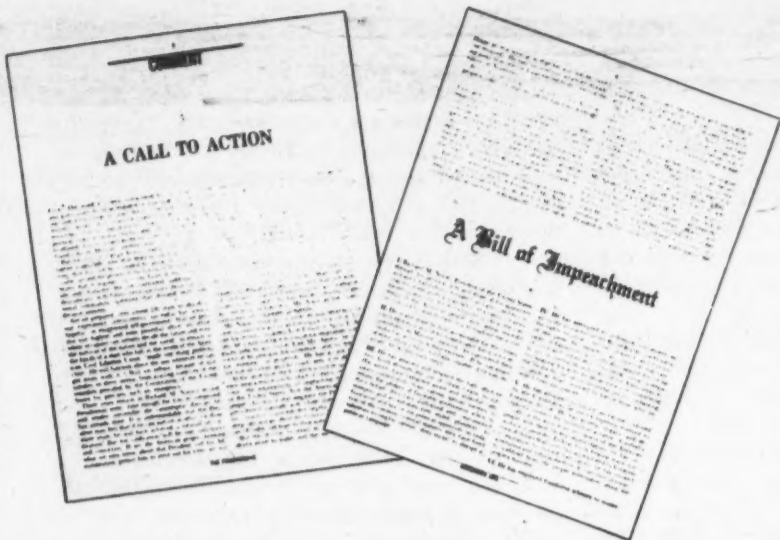
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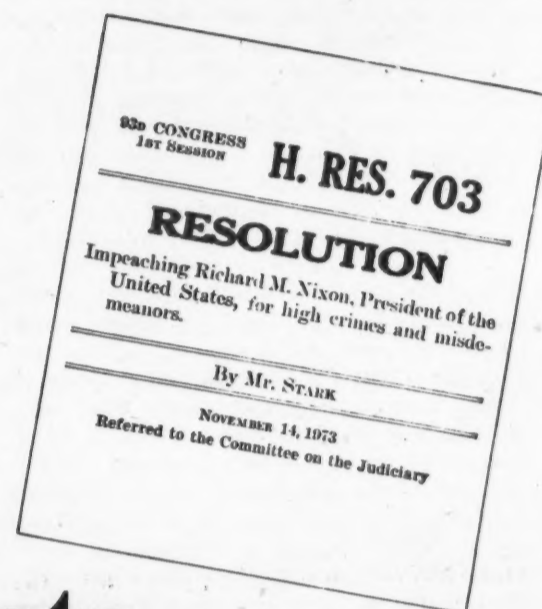
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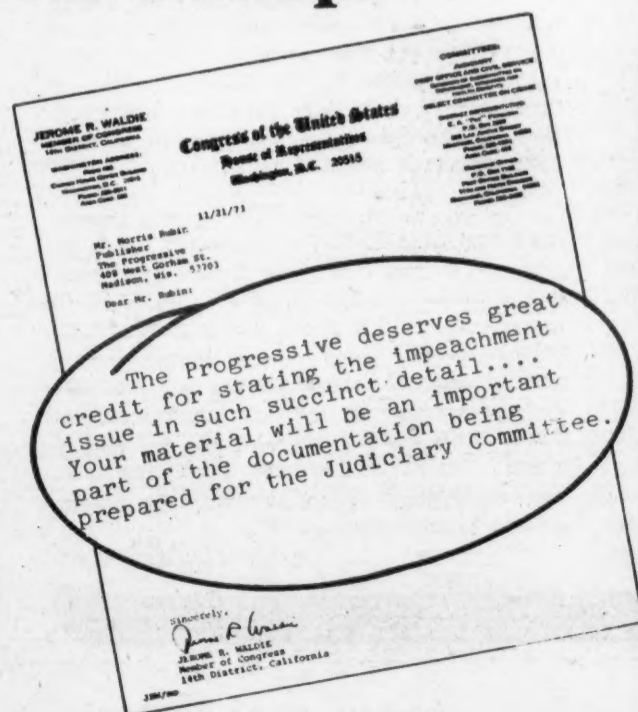


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# LETTERS

(continued from page 2)

is not) in the other dictionaries; it is in general usage. Both *attender* and *attendant* mean "one who attends to" something and would sound pedantic in the meaning of "one who is present."

For the record, the Third Edition of *Webster's Unabridged*, which shocked the purists in 1961 with its acceptance of Americanisms, used 114 examples from Liebling's work, including (note the unorthodox suffixes): contradictory and mountainy.

## My Man Mintz

While I found James Ridgeway's "Trying to Catch the Energy Crisis" [January, 1974] both highly accurate and insightful, I did find one glaring omission. Ridgeway stated that "The Federal Power Commission, scene of the big battles over energy since 1968, goes virtually uncovered by all the major media." While this statement applies to *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time* and the three major TV networks, it certainly does not apply to *The Washington Post* and its fine investigative reporter, Morton Mintz.

Ridgeway saw fit to hand out credit to Edward Cowan of *The New York Times*, whose usually one-sided reporting can hardly be called investigative, and to George Wilson of *The Washington Post*. The fact is that Morton Mintz, I believe, more than any other reporter that I have read, has been engaged in a tireless effort to report in depth the activities of both the energy industry and the federal government. He has exposed numerous events at the Federal Power Commission, especially in a series of articles dealing with an attempted destruction of documents by FPC officials. These documents contained data on natural gas reserves, information which is vital in order to assess the real extent of natural gas shortages in this country.

In short, I believe that James Ridgeway's analysis of the media's reporting of the energy crisis is good, but that at the same time he failed to acknowledge some of the best work that has been done in that area.

—Edwin Rothschild  
Washington, D.C.

## Paper Tiger

Thank you for two very good stories in your January issue on the fuel shortage and the failure of the American press to properly report it. But where the hell have YOU been during the past several months, while newspapers all over the nation have suffered because of the newsprint shortage?

Middle- and small-size newspapers all over the nation—and a few large ones—have cut news holes, dropped features, and frozen hiring schedules because of the shortage. But I haven't observed any cases where advertising linages have been curtailed, and I'll wager you'd have to look hard to find a publisher who hasn't profited from this opportunity to give the public less for the same, or greater, price.

I should think that if Liebling were alive today, he would want to know precisely how the shortage came about, how it might have been prevented, and whether its effects will continue after the actual shortage ends. He wouldn't find the answers to any of those questions in [MORE].

—Tom Baxter  
Charleston, S.C.

**Editor's reply:** We hope to publish a comprehensive report on the subject in an upcoming issue—newsprint permitting.

## Houston Riposte

Chet Flippo accidentally made a point in his review of energy and oil coverage in Houston by the *Post* and *Chronicle* [January, 1974].

There are questions. How much land is tied up by big oil companies in leases where the companies are not drilling? Is a lack of refining capacity a bottleneck, or did refineries cut back as charged? Only the industry knows and it is not telling, for "competitive reasons," which is somewhat akin to "national security."

The point Flippo almost raised is this: there is a media gap created by the energy gap. It will take a while for us to catch up, but eventually we will.

Right now things are changing. We don't have all the answers, as Flippo does. Darnell Peacock, oil editor here at the *Post*, has been writing about oil for 15 or 20 years and claims he still doesn't know a damned thing.

As for myself, I did not recently discover the energy beat as Flippo suggested. It more or less discovered me while I was wandering around looking for something useful to do.

And Flippo wasn't much help.

He gave me the same old tired formula-written journalism review with heavy emphasis on the anti-establishment theme and "we're not doing enough investigative, consumer, environmental, anti-business stories."

He followed that with something about how the layout of Houston is conducive to automobile travel (hardly a revelation) and somehow tied the location of the *Post* building in with a car-pooling effort in Houston that never got off the ground.

I fail to see any connection, so a defense is not in order, other than to point out that every realtor in town will tell you the location is perfect for a newspaper or any business with a low en-

trance and exit need. Terrible for a supermarket, but perfect for a newspaper. (Incidentally, he refers to the *Post* as being on the "spaghetti bowl," a common phrase used in most major cities. In fact, the *Post* is located at a relatively modest cloverleaf at the juncture of the Southwest Freeway and the loop around the city. The "Spaghetti Bowl" with a capital "s" is located some 13 miles away in downtown Houston.)

Next Flippo made a great deal out of the fact the *Post* does not identify Bill Hobby in every story as its president, and that it supported him with a front page editorial in his race for lieutenant governor. (Flippo would have had a real scoop if the paper had come out against him.)

People in New York may not know who Bill Hobby is, but I assure you our Houston readers do. They know his father, William P. Hobby, was the governor of Texas, and they know all about his mother, Oveta Culp Hobby. (Not Olveta, as Flippo referred to her.)

To identify Hobby on each mention would be as ludicrous as identifying President Nixon on every mention as a former partner in the New York law firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie, Alexander, etc.

But to get to Flippo's main charge: that we are tools of the oil industry and do nothing but channel press releases to our readers. It simply is not true.

Flippo refers to me as Peacock's man. We happen to sit at adjoining desks but our relationship ends there as far as his having anything to do with my stories. Flippo also referred to Tommy Thompson of the *Chronicle* as "Collins' business aide," which will come as a surprise to Thompson since he is business editor at the *Chronicle* and, as such, is Al Collins' boss. (That's error number four if you're keeping count.)

As for myself, Flippo reported I said:

## How Now Dow Jones?

On Jan. 15, *The Wall Street Journal*, in a lead editorial entitled "The Great Oil Conspiracy," observed that "In [MORE], a professed arbiter of journalistic performance, James Ridgeway writes that [The Senate Government Operations Investigation Subcommittee Report on the Petroleum Industry, Especially As It Relates to Recent Fuel Shortages] 'explicitly demonstrates' that the oil companies, among other sins, 'refused at government urging to import more crude oil from abroad.' Mr. Ridgeway demonstrates that media critics have insights denied us ordinary journalists, for search the report as we may we can find no such statement."

On page 15, in discussing refinery operations east of the Rockies, the Senate report says: "For the first four months of 1972, refinery capacity utilization was lower than for any comparable month of 1970, 1971 and 1973." The report goes on to say (page 16) that "similarly, for the first half of 1972, refineries operated at only 85.3 of capacity in comparison to 89.7 per cent during 1970, 86.6 percent during 1971 and 91.2 percent during 1973."

On page 21, the report continues: "With relatively low levels of refinery capacity utilization during the first four to six months of 1972, distillate fuel oil and gasoline inventories dropped. As a consequence, by June 1972, distillate fuel oil inventories had fallen to 84.1 per cent of the previous year's level, while demand for the month was up 10.8 per cent over that of the previous year."

The tightness of the distillate fuel oil situation grew throughout the year, contributing to heating oil shortages during the 1972-1973 winter months. By December, 1972, distillate fuel oil inventories had fallen to 81.3 percent of the prior year while demand was up by 18.1 percent and the U.S. was experiencing a severe shortage of distillate fuel oil."

As a result of the above pinch, the report says (page 81), "on September 18, 1972, the President took several steps to increase oil imports. One action was to permit petroleum companies to use up to 10 percent of the crude oil import quotas for 1973 in the final quarter of 1972." Subsequently (page 82), "...the Interior Department conducted a survey of the petroleum industry to find out which companies were drawing on their 1973 allocations and by what percentage."

"On November 10, 1972, General Lincoln [then head of the office of Emergency Preparedness] was advised that of the 20 petroleum companies queried, six said they would use the full 10 percent, one said it would use most of the 10 percent, one said it was doing the best it could to use it all, one said it would use one million barrels and eleven companies said they did not intend to borrow any oil whatsoever on their 1973 import quota." This Interior Department report indicates that only 35 percent of the advanced allocations were utilized by December 31, 1972.

—JAMES RIDGEWAY

1) Companies are attacking the crisis. (They are.)

2) We are wasting a lot of energy. (We certainly are.)

3) American technology will eventually solve the problem. (It will.)

4) Exxon says we would should retain our perspective. (I don't remember what he is referring to, but we should.)

5) Shell tried to warn us but nobody listened. (He must be referring to the story where I quoted a Shell vice president as saying the industry cried Wolf too often.)

6) It's Washington's fault. (To a great extent, it is.)

If truth, as best I can determine it, is any defense, I plead not guilty to the charges, if you can call them that.

It might also be interesting to tell you what Flippo did not review. He did not mention the article on energy and the environment that took business leaders to task for their unwarranted and vicious attack on environmentalists. He did not refer to the one that shuddered at the fact businessmen were applauding the idea of "going over there with our gunboats and taking that oil." He did not review the story that gave a fair distribution of the blame for the situation on the short-sightedness of government, the greed of industry, the emphasis on demand by business and advertising and the gluttonous waste by the public.

Nor did he report that we ran stories about the huge increases in oil company profits.

It is apparent Flippo not only did not contract the participants involved in his review, but also did not bother to contact other Houston journalists, businessmen, oil industry people or *Post* and *Chronicle* readers.

All in all, I would have to say Flippo's review was not only as superficial as he thinks our oil coverage is, it was also incomplete, misleading, trite and inaccurate. It appears he sat down to do the kind of journalism review hatchet job that doesn't take a great deal of effort, and he did it both without and despite the facts.

Keep smiling.

Your regional lackey for the imperialist oil cabal,

—John F. "Running Dog" Powers  
*Houston Post*  
Houston, Texas

*Chet Flippo replies:* Powers is right—"Oveta" is misspelled, but that's the fault of the typesetters. Whether the oil editor works for the business editor or vice versa appears to be immaterial as far as their work goes. The "spaghetti bowl" by the *Post* building may not be the spaghetti bowl, but I can, from experience, attest to its being a spaghetti bowl.

Those were errors. Powers' other charges confirm the point of my article. There has been no investigative reporting in Houston of the energy crisis. Powers says there are questions about the oil companies' holdings and refining capacities, but he does not say that neither newspaper asked any of those questions.

Powers says that things at the *Post* are changing, as he and Peacock attempt to catch up. That's hard to detect in their articles. For example, today (Jan. 13) Peacock is back on page one quoting the American Petroleum Institute as his only source. Powers' energy column maintains that a "conscious, overt industry conspiracy" is unthinkable, although he has softened his position to admit that there may have been a "subconscious overt conspiracy." The distinction is a delicate one.

Powers feels that my article was anti-establishment. It was in the sense that it evaluated the performance of Houston's two newspapers,

which are part of the Houston establishment. Neither paper has done anything or will do anything to upset the oil cart. Powers should realize that after watching the exodus from the *Post* newsroom of talented reporters who wouldn't get on the team. That newsroom is now commonly referred to as a "boneyard."

As I reported, the *Post* is considering getting into the oil business. Houston Endowment, the tax-exempt foundation that owns and runs the *Chronicle*, holds stock in the following energy or energy-using companies: AT&T, Appalachian Electric Power, Atlantic City Electric Power, Baltimore Gas & Electric, Commonwealth Edison, Connecticut Light & Power, Consolidated Edison, Dayton Power & Light, Detroit Edison, Florida Power & Light, Houston Light & Power, Humble Pipeline, Illinois Power, Pacific Telephone & Telegraph, Shell Oil, Southern California Edison, Standard Oil Companies of Indiana, New Jersey and California, Sunray DX Oil Company, Socony Mobil Oil, Texaco, Texas Power & Light, Texas Electric Service, U.S. Steel, Virginia Electric & Power, Ashland Oil, Armco Steel, Kennecott Copper, Gulf Oil, Kentucky Utilities, Kirby

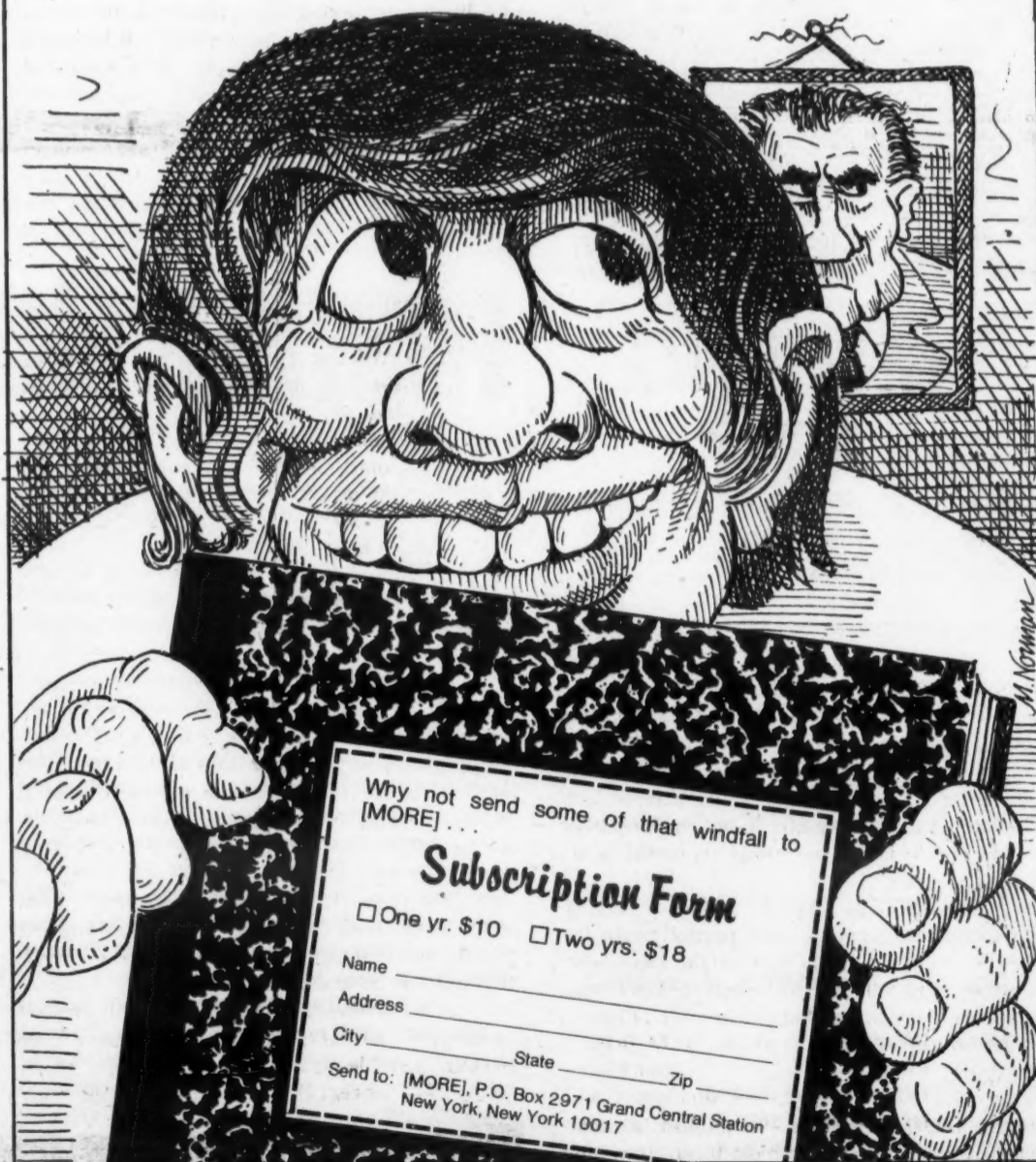
Petroleum Company, Pennzoil United and New England Electric System.

As for Powers' obscure quote equating investigative, consumer and environmental stories with anti-business stories, I think that demonstrates his attitude.

Since my article was based on several thousand clippings, I could not, as he says, review every word he wrote. I did present views that are representative of the *Post*'s coverage, which was representative of the industry's position. He says I did not report that he ran stories on oil industry profits. The only major one in the *Post* morgue was an AP story datelined Los Angeles which ran last July 30. His item four, which he doesn't recall, was a bland interview with Clifton Garbin, president of the Exxon Corporation, which ran Nov. 4. His item five was a bland interview with a Shell Oil vice president, which was printed Nov. 7.

Powers seems shocked that I did not interview him or his colleagues to find out what they really think. But I wasn't interested in what they think, only in what they wrote. That, after all, is what their readers read.

## Taking a deduction on your seventh-grade notebooks this year?



# COLUMN TWO

(continued from page 2)

Committee, wrote Gallagher an almost self-effacing letter to "formally introduce" him to the committee. "I wish to make it clear," Krinsky said, "that the Professionalism Committee was not created to snipe at management. Our concern is intended to be mutual—the betterment of the product and the profession. We take the stance that we not only work for the wire service but, in the sense that we help produce the day-to-day report, we are the wire service. For that reason, judgment of the wire service performance is also judgment of ourselves."

From his redoubt on the seventh floor, Gallagher replied that "the need for another critical voice adding fuel to the present fires escapes me. The Associated Press has only one policy—to produce an objective news report. You correctly point out The Associated Press employees produce this news report in accord with this policy. You and your committee apparently, therefore, have appointed yourselves to sit in judgment on how fellow employees perform this task. I don't know what unique qualifications you and the committee feel you have, but pitting one group of employees against another is obviously counter-productive. It would seem in this era the press is in need of more constructive procedures."

Despite Gallagher's hostility and the repressive atmosphere it creates throughout the AP, the committee succeeded in getting the WSG to propose a handful of professionalism demands when negotiations began last fall. They were almost pathetically modest. One asked merely that a reporter be allowed to remove his byline from a story if he or she felt that, as a result of editing or

## The AP Brotherhood

The 18 good and true, white and male members of The Associated Press board of directors are James L. Knight, chairman of the *Miami Herald* and top executive in the Knight chain; John Cowles, Jr., chairman of the *Minneapolis Star & Tribune* and chief executive of the multi-media family empire; Martin S. Hayden, editor of the *Detroit News*; D. Tennant Bryan, publisher of the *Richmond (Va.) News-Leader*; Dolph C. Simons, president of the *Lawrence (Kans.) Journal World*; David R. Bradley, publisher and president of the *St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press*; Jack Tarver, president and publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*; Otis Chandler, publisher of *The Los Angeles Times* and key executive in the Times-Mirror communications conglomerate; Richard C. Steele, president and publisher of the *Worcester (Mass.) Telegram*; Thomas Vail, publisher and editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*; J. Kelly Sisk, chairman of

Multimedia, Inc., Greenville, S.C.; Robert M. White, 2nd, publisher and editor of the *Mexico (Mo.) Ledger*; J.M. McClelland, Jr., editor and publisher of the *Longview (Wash.) Daily News*; Newbold Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star-News*; G. Gordon Strong, chairman of Thomson Newspapers, the British press lord's American string; and Robert L. Taylor, president and publisher of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. The chairman of this impeccable body is Paul Miller, who, at 68, has been on the board since 1950: first serving the maximum of three consecutive three-year terms and then, by special dispensation, staying on the board as president. Miller is an old AP hand, having risen to the penultimate rank of assistant general manager before moving to Gannett, which he now heads and has made the largest, most acquisitive newspaper chain in the nation. —R.P.

rewriting, it no longer reflected his or her original work. Another asked simply that the AP stop telling its employees what they can and cannot do in their free time. A third sought a guarantee from management that sources would be protected.

And the committee's most "radical" demand—representation on the AP's board of directors (see box)—was not even seriously put forward. Instead, the negotiators concentrated on their fall-back position: news policy committees in New York and in key bureaus. At a session in December, one guild negotiator pointed out that the AP is a pressure business that affords little opportunity to step back and examine the product. News committees would provide a formalized opportunity to do so. He also pointed out that communication within the AP is extremely poor. At

this point, Conrad Fink, an AP vice president and management negotiator, rose red-faced from his seat and warned: "Don't tell us how the AP operates! You've gone too far."

Not surprisingly, the new contract was ratified last month with none of the committee's demands included. The group plans to try again in 1975; but in the meantime perhaps it should go directly to the AP's board. Two members in particular, John Cowles, Jr., and Otis Chandler, have agreed to let reporters in on news policy decisions at *The Los Angeles Times* and *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*, respectively. Gallagher is not likely to be quite so imperious with either of them.

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## FURTHER MORE

(continued from back page)

that the Government doesn't govern, and that, no, Congress is not going to take a look at the Military-Industrial Complex next year either.

*Advocacy Journalism*, whose main purpose is to convince the innocent and gullible that the Mafia will act nicer if only a Presbyterian is elected Godfather.

*Liberation Journalism*, whose main purpose is to arouse loathing for the white-male-straight culture into the rotten thick of which it hopes to facilitate the passage of certain citizens who have been rendered idiosyncratic and underprivileged by virtue of their gender, coloration or grazing habits.

*Gonzo Journalism*, whose main purpose is to provide occupational therapy for any writer who has inadvertently collided with an event while advertently colliding with seven uppers, three downers, four six-packs, a fifth, a Great Speckled Bird and a meat-ball wedge.

*Play-Ball Journalism*, whose main purpose is to service young executives who can't risk having a copy of *Screw* found in the old attache case by providing them the same fare cunningly camouflaged as marshmallow-topped Ovaltine whose nutritional value is validated from time to time by female psychologists who not only don't

mind carrying *Screw* in an attache case but keep it on the coffee table right alongside the *Mental Hygiene Quarterly*.

*With-It Journalism*, whose main purpose is to provide a continual fresh supply of stunning celebrity journalists whose names can be rented for use as bait by dedicated entrepreneurs when they go reverently begging money from establishment banks to finance irreverent With-It Journals.

*Hot-Brain Journalism*, whose body, to the extent that it has one, exists primarily in New York City, and whose main purpose (as cousin Harry Ashmore observed long ago in only slightly different words) is to dazzle an audience consisting almost entirely of itself with prodigious pyrotechnics that brilliantly light up the sky with no risk whatever of illuminating the landscape below.

Well, son, that's enough for starters. You mull it over. I realize you wanted to hear something about my own field, but, frankly, even though it has brought me an almost indecent amount of fun, I can't imagine a young man being interested. I am engaged in what you might call Out-of-It Journalism. Its main and in fact only purpose is to let people know *what's up*. I'd be surprised if you found this very attractive once you are aware of all the other opportunities available.

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## So You Want To Be A Journalist

BY FRANK TRIPPETT

Dear Nephew:

Congratulations on your decision to become a journalist, also on your healthy wish to get familiar with what's available before you set your course. Journalism is a growth industry, of course, diverse and getting more so all the time. I'll do my best to acquaint you with the whole picture as time goes by. For a start you ought to browse over the primary categories of the trade with some attention to their primary purposes and see if anything grabs you. Some of these are:

*New Journalism*, whose main purpose is the vivid display of the psyche, wit, charm, cunning and ruthlessness of the practitioner, as well as of that superb lighter-than-air quality the New Journalist obtains by his peculiar liberation from the laws of gravity, evidence and causality.

*Broadcast Journalism*, whose main purpose

Frank Trippett has been an In-and-Out-of-It Journalist for 26 years.

can be distinguished from that of Show Business only by the immaculate rule that deprives serious commentators of the freedom to emote over atrocities while granting it to disc jockeys and Sammy Davis, Jr.

*Wire Service Journalism*, whose main purpose is the compulsive accumulation of facts which it is prohibited by ancient dogma from arranging in any way that might hint or imply that facts arise out of human conditions subject to comprehension.

*News magazine Journalism*, whose main purpose is the design, engineering and construction of dramatic parables upon which facts not astonishingly different from the wire services' can be arrayed like baubles on a Christmas tree for the enjoyment of the whole family.

*Underground Journalism*, whose main purpose is the prolongation of intellectual puberty for a stable of readers presumably doomed to suffer forever the appetite for gamy graffiti that has been assuaged by age eleven in anybody fortunate enough to grow up where sidewalks are clean enough to be chalked on.

*Tape-Recorder Journalism*, whose main purpose is to preserve for posterity encyclopedic quantities of direct quotations from people whose conversational life always seems to have peaked at the moment they have said, "Pass the salt, please."

*Interpretative Journalism*, whose main purpose is to absolve the electorate (and journalism) of all blame after it has honored some scoundrel, brigand, blackguard, thief or ignoramus with high office by exercising extrasensory perceptions that prove neither the voters (nor journalists) had any cause to suppose that the honoree would not be instantly cured of his life-long flaws by the healing powers of the oath of office.

*Glossy Journalism*, whose main purpose is

**Clearly, the news  
business is a growth  
industry these days.  
Herewith a guide to  
the cornucopia of  
choices open to the  
would-be reporter.**

the entirely humane one of assisting in the simulation of *actual life* by models, starlets, athletes, lottery winners and beautiful people whose destiny or fate is to have come to the attention of some editor desperately needing 112 lines of type to fill in the space between the Drambuie and Tampax ads.

*Cultural Journalism*, whose main purpose is to cut the hearts out of working artists and thus prepare their bodies for use as a platform upon which the Cultural Journalist performs precious little tap-dances that incite other Cultural Journalists to coo, salivate and chirp erudite witticisms while wolfing peanuts and colleagues at cultural freeloads.

*Financial Journalism*, whose main purpose is to keep alive an ancient technique of legerdemain through which the Financial Journalist is enabled to relieve himself in a reader's ear while utterly convincing him it is actually raining outside.

*Pundit Journalism*, whose main purpose is to provide busy work and pasturage for resonant and well-connected journalists who have outgrown toil, prevalent realities and teachability, and who thus go forth touchingly unaware that Adam Smith is dead, that elections have no bearing on events,

(continued on page 22)

## A CHALLENGE FROM [MORE]

### TO STUDENT WRITERS, REPORTERS, BROADCASTERS, MEDIA-WATCHERS

One of the most critical decisions we've made at [MORE] during two years of publishing has been the choice each year of the recipient of the A.J. Liebling Award for Journalistic Distinction. The award is made for a body of work over a career in journalism that sets the recipient apart from his colleagues. The first two recipients, I.F. Stone and Homer Bigart, embody the journalistic excellence we hope to encourage through [MORE].

Another of our aims is to encourage critical appraisal of the news business, and, equally, to encourage new aspirants to journalistic excellence. For both of these reasons, we've decided to offer a second award this year, the **STUDENT AWARD FOR MEDIA CRITICISM**.

All college and university students are invited to compete for the award by submitting an article written to the requirements outlined below. The article may be the work of an individual student or of a group. The best article, selected by the Editors of [MORE], will be printed in [MORE] and will receive our normal article fee. Runners-up may be printed as well.

The Student Award for Media Criticism will be presented at [MORE]'s Liebling III Counter-Convention in New York May 10 through 12, 1974, at the same time as the A.J. Liebling Award.

#### Basic Mission

1. To show how the media in your area are ignoring or inadequately reporting a *local* story of major significance.
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4. The subject is up to you, but could be politics, business, religion, institutionalized charity, publishing, communications, government, etc., etc.

#### Ground Rules for Articles

1. Careful, analytical scrutiny of the media's performance.
2. A well-documented expose of the story itself.
3. No maximum or minimum length, but shoot for 4,000 to 6,000 words.
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**Deadline:** April 15, 1974 (no exceptions). Please mail entries to [MORE], PO Box 2971, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

**Eligibility:** All full-time college and university students may enter the competition either singly or in groups.

Good Hunting!

**[MORE]**

**STUDENT AWARD  
FOR  
MEDIA CRITICISM**